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The Peoples and Places of the
Dark Continent.

BY

C. BRUCE.



CASELL & COMPANY, LIMITED

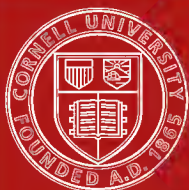
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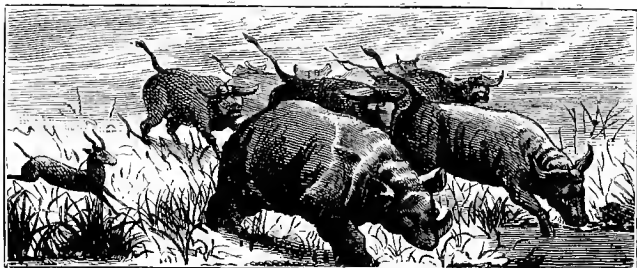
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far interior of the vast African continent; what men have lost their lives in attempting to discover them; and what wonders their travels have revealed! Egypt, the country made familiar to us by Bible stories which, as children, we read and wondered over, the land of the Pharaohs, of Joseph, of Moses, of the Children of Israel in their cruel captivity and wonderful exodus; the land of one of the greatest and most ancient kingdoms the world ever knew; the land of the pyramids, the Sphinx, and of colossal ruins. What changes have passed over it, what conquerors have trod its soil, what learned men have explored its ruins, what strange characters engraved on tombs, slabs, walls of houses, and written on papyrus have been deciphered, all revealing some phase of ancient Egyptian life or history! Let us say something about this wonderful country that our young readers will be glad to learn, something that will recall the time when they read Bible stories at their mothers' knee.

From the time when the Children of Israel settled in the pastoral district of Goshen—now a sandy desert—great changes have passed over the land. Greek, Roman, Turk, have in turn been its masters; and now, in our own age, steam-boats plough the waters of the Nile, and railways connect city with city and town with town; while the Government of the Khedive has continued to extend its frontier till it now reaches the equator. While nominally dependent on the Porte, its territory far exceeds that of European Turkey.

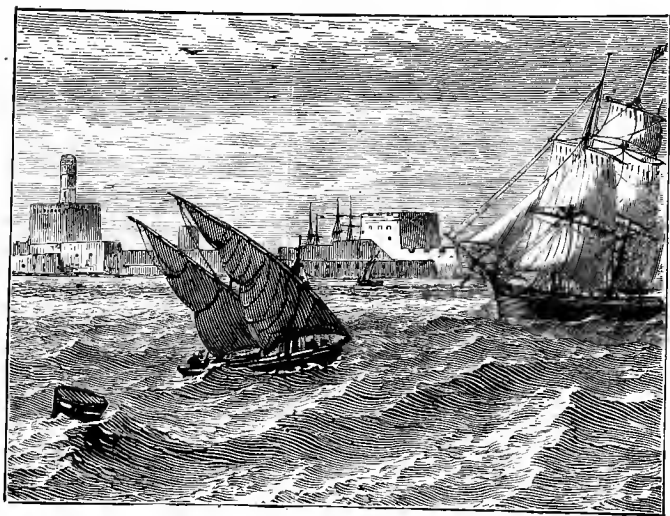
Situated in the north of Africa, Egypt proper is limited to the fertile delta and narrow valley of the Nile, bounded on the north by the Mediterranean; on the east by the Red Sea and Arabia, on the south by

Nubia, and on the west by the Great Desert. The fertility of the country under cultivation depends upon the annual inundation of the Nile ; and seeing the beneficial effects of this rise and fall of the waters, it is not wonderful that the ancient Egyptians paid the river divine homage. Preserved in our British Museum is a papyrus containing a hymn written in praise of the Nile by these singular but interesting people. We will quote the first stanza, rendered into English by some learned Egyptologist :—

“ A hymn to the Nile
incline thy face, O Nile
coming safe out of the land
vivifying Egypt
hiding his dark sources from the light
ordering his sources
the streams of his bed
are made by the Sun
to give life to all animals
to water the lands which are destitute
coming all along the heaven
loving fragrance, offering grain
rendering verdant every sacred place of Phtha ! ”

The two most important cities in the country—Cairo and Alexandria—are both situated in Lower Egypt. Alexandria is seated on the Mediterranean sea-coast, and the ground-plan of the city was traced by the hand of Alexander the Great more than three hundred years before the birth of Christ. In the present day it contains a population of more than 200,000. It is divided into two sections, one of which is occupied by Europeans and the other by Arabs. The first is of recent date, and consists of broad and straight streets, many of them shaded by rows of fine trees, squares

tastefully laid out with evergreen plants and sweet-scented flowers. The houses are well and solidly built, and many of them are large and commodious, while elegant shops abound, replete with both European and Eastern goods. At night the streets are lit by gas, and a company supplies the inhabitants with water from the



ALEXANDRIA, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.

Nile, which is said to be the best for drinking in all the world. The Arab quarter presents quite a contrast to the European, the streets being narrow and crooked, and so muddy in winter and dusty in summer as to make walking quite unpleasant, and sometimes even impossible. The houses are mostly of one story, and, with but few exceptions, present bare walls to the street.

To see real glimpses of Egyptian life a traveller

must not linger in a coast city, or even the capital itself, but sail slowly up the Nile, visiting the various villages scattered along its banks. As the vessel glides smoothly along, we are struck by the verdant richness of the level plains, as contrasted with the rocky and sandy deserts by which they are bounded. The river itself contains but few of those rushes which anciently were so plentiful, and in which, as we are told in Genesis, the future lawgiver of Israel was hidden. When we come in contact with the village people, their ways of life, appearance, and sayings constantly remind us of Bible scenes. Lady Duff Gordon, in her charming "Letters from Egypt," says, "It is impossible to say how exactly like the early parts of the Bible every act of life is here; and how totally new it seems, when one reads it on the spot here!" She even heard a native address a Pasha in the very same words Jacob spoke to Pharaoh, "Few and evil have been my days," &c.; and when she visited a farm, the proprietor cried to his people, "Take now fine meal and bake cakes quickly." And the hospitality to the stranger and traveller of which we read so much in the Bible, this lady experienced here. Meeting a troop of graceful Arab women, carrying jars poised upon the head, they all wished her to go to their village and partake of food; while an old weaver, whose loom she walked in to inspect, wished to set a piece of bread before her.

The late Dean Stanley had sailed up the Nile with the Prince of Wales before Lady Gordon, and many were the inquiries made to the lady as to who the Dean was. One called him "Imán (spiritual guide) to the son of your Queen." "And in truth," said he, "he is really a Sheik'h, and one who teaches the excellent things of

religion. Why, he was kind even to his horse; and it is of the mercies of God to the English that such a one is the Imán of your Queen and Prince. . . . One who loveth all the creatures of God, him God loveth also; there is no doubt of that." The Dean's kindly nature had won him friends even on the banks of the Nile.

The pleasure of night-voyaging and singing on the Nile, this lady describes as wonderfully enchanting. "We had a lively time on the river for three days, and such moonlight nights! so soft and lovely; and we had a sailor who was as good as an Alatee, or professional singer. He sang religious songs. One which began, 'Remove my sins from before thy sight, O God,' was really beautiful and touching, and I did not wonder at the tears which streamed down Omar's face. A very pretty secular song ran thus, 'Keep the wind (love) from me, O Lord! I fear it will hurt me. Alas! it has struck me, and I am sick! Why do ye bring the physician? O physician, put back thy medicine in the canister, for only *he* who has hurt can cure me.'"

The voyage terminates for a time at Cairo, the capital of Egypt; and that which first demands attention is the great citadel, which, standing on a slight elevation, commands the city. Some of the Government buildings are within its walls, and a splendid mosque containing the body of Mehemet Ali, that able yet unscrupulous man who nearly succeeded in shaking off his allegiance to the Porte. Meet it is that his remains should rest within the enclosure which witnessed his most terrible act of perfidy; for it was here that he massacred the Mamelukes.

These Mamelukes were a brave but turbulent body

of warriors, at one time so formidable from their number and daring, that they deposed the Egyptian Sultan and chose one of their own Beys to reign in his stead, and their rule lasted in Egypt for more than two hundred years. But when, in 1517, Selim the First destroyed their power, he appointed a Turkish Pasha as Governor; yet so mighty were they that this Pasha had to rule according to their will and pleasure. When the French invaded Egypt under Napoleon, these Mamelukes played a distinguished part; their furious attacks upon the army were with difficulty repulsed, and then only by the army forming into hollow squares. One officer who shared in the campaign says, "One of the Mamelukes entered the square near where I was stationed. The ferocity of this man was scarcely to be imagined. When he found himself to be encircled, he fought so desperately that his sabre was dripping with blood, his horse was in a violent perspiration, and wounded in several places with bayonets; but finding no hope of escaping, he threw his arms on the sand, and then dismounted, patted his horse's neck, and kissed it."

Because of their power, their bravery, and restlessness, Mehemet Ali determined on their destruction. Having defeated one portion with great slaughter, and driven many of them into Nubia, he still remained uneasy at the numbers left; orders were sent that the Mameluke Beys—to the number of 480—should be present at a grand ceremony, to be given in honour of his son, who was shortly to depart for Mecca. Not dreaming of treachery, they came on the day appointed, and were received within the citadel with all expressions of Eastern flattery; Ali called them the eldest sons of the

Prophet, and invited them to celebrate with him the departure of his son for the holy tomb. Meanwhile, he had concealed a number of his most faithful troops upon the ramparts, the towers, and behind the walls of the fortress. At a signal the gates were closed, while the Pasha seated himself on a carpet on the summit of a terrace, smoking a magnificent Persian pipe, from whence he could see all without himself being seen. He gave the word to fire, and the massacre commenced. Eneumbered with their arms, unable to reach their foes, they fell thick and fast; one alone survived, he being saved by his horse taking a leap over the breast-work of the citadel. The remainder in the provinces were also put to death. Such was the fate of the Mamelukes.

A splendid view of the city is gained from the walls of the citadel, the tapering minarets of four hundred mosques, a sea of houses, and in the background the yellow mountains of the desert. Behind the city lies a green plain, well watered by the Nile; and then, farther still, are seen those mysterious works of a past age, the Pyramids, towering aloft in their awful grandeur, a witness at once to the power and vanity of man.

These Pyramids have been so often described by travellers that it is unnecessary for us to go over the old ground. Men have climbed to their summits and left their names engraved there upon gigantic stones as memorials of their visit; others have explored the passages and chambers of the interior, and brought to the light of modern day bodies which have reposed in peace and silence for thousands of years. On the south-east of the largest pyramid is the gigantic statue of



ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS, AND THE SPHYNX.

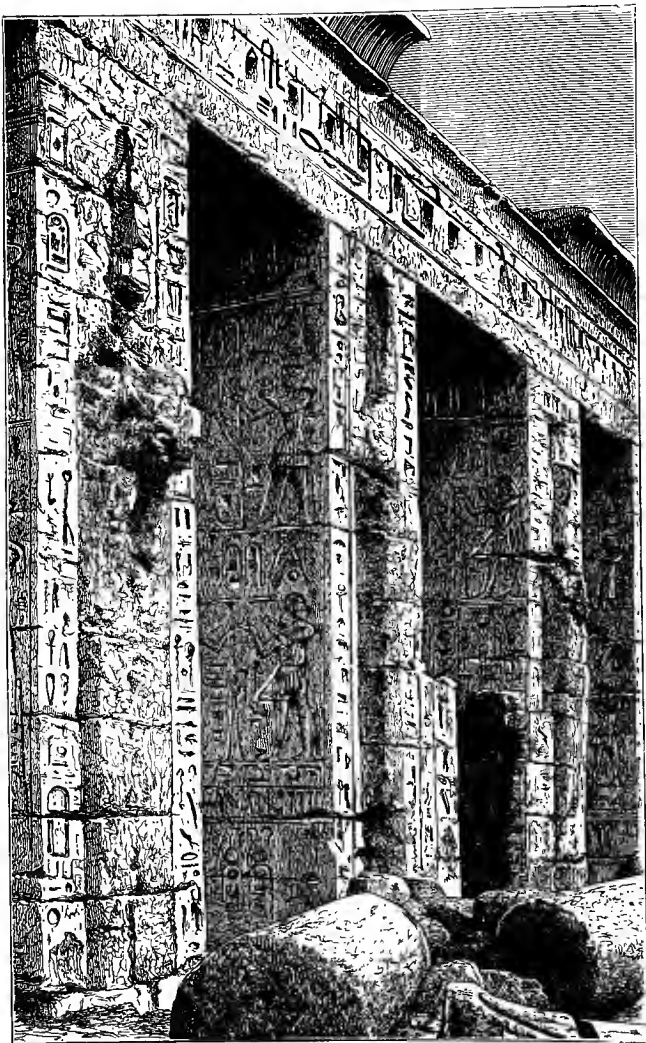
the Sphinx, "the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients."

The many ancient Egyptian tombs scattered about the country have suffered violence at the hands of exploring antiquarians and others less reverent. Some of the mummies which have been stolen have met with a very singular fate. Mr. Oliphant, in a work but recently published, in which he describes an oasis about seventy miles to the south-east of Cairo, known by the name of Fayoum, tells a singular story of the destiny of some human remains taken from Egypt during its occupation by Napoleon. These mummies were placed in the Louvre, for the benefit of sight-seers; but in a little time they became offensive and were packed away in the garrets. The curators wished to get rid of them, but did not know how; so year after year they remained cumbering up the place. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, many of its heroes fell in the court of the Louvre; graves were dug for them, which, when the custodians saw, they thought it would be a capital idea to bury the bodies of the ancient Egyptians with those of the patriots. This was done, and ancient Egyptians and modern Frenchmen rested together. In 1848 it was resolved to exhume these heroes and remove them with great pomp and ceremony to the Place de la Bastille. Many of those who saw the magnificent procession pass through the streets of Paris, and heard the eloquent orations spoken over the remains of the French Republicans, little thought that the dust of an older race was receiving the same honours as that of men of the nineteenth century.

Eastward from the Egyptian Delta is the Isthmus of Suez, at no recent date connecting Africa with Asia

but modern enterprise, combined with engineering skill, has cut a canal through it, making a watery highway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and connecting Europe with the remoter Indies. It was completed in 1869, after no less than fourteen years' labour, and from sea to sea covers nearly one hundred miles in length. The benefit of this short cut, as we may call it, to our Indian possessions, was soon felt in the immense increase of traffic; while Port Said, on the Mediterranean side, which in 1860 could not boast of even a hut, is now a flourishing town. The port and town of Suez at the Red Sea extremity of the canal, was at one time a flourishing mart, being the emporium of the trade with India. Here, too, resorted all the Turkish pilgrims on their way to the Holy City of Mecca, and so numerous were they that there was not found house accommodation for one fifth of the number; many were compelled to encamp in the streets, others in the surrounding country, while the most devout and fanatical spent their time in prayers in the various mosques, or in visits to the Fountain of Moses, an object of great veneration. The French, in their invasion of Egypt, played sad havoc with the town, destroying many of its houses, which for years remained in ruins. After suffering a period of eclipse, the town is now again in a prosperous condition, the Suez Canal having given it a renewed lease of life. From the sea it has a very picturesque appearance, with its mosques and houses of sun-dried brick.

One of the most wonderful sights this country contains are the ruins of the city of Thebes, in upper Egypt, "the city of a hundred gates," the admiration and theme of ancient poets and historians.



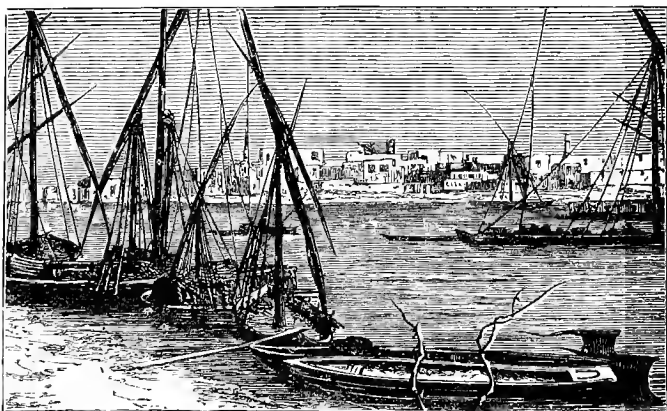
RUINS OF THE PALACE OF RAMESES III. AT MEDINET.

“This venerable city,” says one traveller, “the date of whose destruction is older than the foundation of other cities, and the extent of whose ruins, and the immensity of whose colossal fragments, still offer so many astonishing objects that one is riveted to the spot, unable to decide whither to direct the step or fix the attention.” For eight miles on either bank of the Nile do these ruins extend, retreating inland until enclosed by mountains, and describing a circuit of twenty-seven miles. Perhaps the most remarkable of these ruins are those of Carnac and Luxor on the eastern bank, and the palace of Memnon on the western, the sepulchre of the kings, and the temple of Medinet Abu.

The temple of Carnac has twelve principal entrances; the body of the temple, which is preceded by a large court, is a prodigious hall, the roof being supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, some of them no less than thirty-four feet in circumference; four obelisks mark the entrance to the shrines, which, built of granite, consist of three apartments. The temple of Luxor is not so extensive, but is considered to be of a superior style of architecture and in better preservation; at the entrance are two of the finest obelisks in the world, made of rose-coloured granite, and rising to the height of one hundred feet. What most attract attention are the sculptures on the east wing of the northern front, said to be a pictorial representation of a victory gained by some ancient king over his enemies. But to describe all the wonders of these amazing series of ruins would take volumes. Many learned men have made these and other relics, such as Rameses' Palace, the tombs, Pyramids, and labyrinths, their study, so as to try and master the history of a people and civilisation

dating so many hundreds of years back, even to the early morning of time, ere history began to be recorded. Hitherto the results of their labours have been most interesting and satisfactory, for in some measure they have enabled us to picture to ourselves cities as they were in that far-back time, when thronged with living men, women, and children.

As the boat glides up the Nile towards the first



BOULAK, ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

cataract, every few miles sighting some object of interest, it often touches at a village or town on the banks, where on one side may be seen the fishermen's boats, hauled on shore, and on the other the white mud or stone-built houses, gleaming in the sunshine, fringed by palm-trees, while the ever-graceful minaret of the mosque of the Faithful points its finger to the sky. Such a place is Boulak. But we have no time to stop here; we must hurry on to those less-known

regions of the Nile where the benighted and cruel savage dwells.

Before passing to those abodes of ignorance and moral darkness, we must say that Egypt, as well as being rich in ruins of exceeding interest, has also its sacred places, to which the pious devotee resorts for fasting and prayer—places often considered holy from tradition of Bible heroes being connected with them. Such is the fountain of Moses at Suez, and such also is the Grotto of Samoun. No impious hand would ever dare to desecrate such places, or pass them by with irreverence, or fail to visit them when in the neighbourhood, or even approach them with covered feet. The sanctity of shrines is one of the items of the religious creed of the Egyptians, and while these are religiously preserved and piously venerated, the colossal remains of that ancient and mighty monarchy are neglected, and often wilfully destroyed.

Among those adventurous travellers who have sought for the sources of the Nile, no name is so familiar as that of Sir Samuel Baker—a man of strong will, untiring energy, prompt in action, and of stout courage—while the accounts of his various adventures are among the most pleasing and entertaining of modern travel. In most of his expeditions he was accompanied by his wife, who seemed to possess in a large degree the qualities of her husband. Together they shared the dangers, disappointments, and triumphs of their wonderful journeys. Yet, with such a companion, the traveller's anxieties must have been increased, for in times of danger the first thought would be for her safety. We may well believe him when he says, "My greatest comfort was also my greatest care; one whose life yet

dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death." Happily such a terrible fate has not befallen the brave lady.

One of the great difficulties with which travellers have to contend is the cowardice or rebellious conduct of their followers; often the results of an expedition are impoverished for this very reason. A gentle hand is needed to guide, for kindness is more powerful than force; yet there are times when gentleness has to be laid on one side and power brought into play. This was often experienced by Sir Samuel, and he gives us an instance which occurred during his expedition to discover the great lake he named "The Albert N'Yanza." His men rebelled, and refused to load the camels, their ringleader declaring that they would go no farther. This man, Bellaal by name, stood in advance of the mutinous crew, with his gun in his hand, insolently eyeing his employer from head to foot. Taking no notice of him, Sir Samuel ordered the camels to be loaded. No one moved but the ringleader, who, stepping to the front, dashed the butt end of his gun on the ground, and exclaimed, "Not a man shall go with you! Go where you like, but we won't follow you, nor move a step farther. The men shall not load the camels."

"Lay down your gun," thundered Sir Samuel, "and load the camels."

"I won't!" was the reply.

"Then stop here!" was the answer, accompanied by a blow quick as lightning upon the fellow's jaw. Down he went in a heap, his gun flying yards from him. The effect of such prompt action was electrical; the men no longer hesitated, but hastened to load the

camels. The mutiny was over, the object of which had been to kill Sir Samuel and leave his wife alone in the jungle.

In spite of the hardships and dangers of African travel, there often occur ludicrous incidents to throw a gleam of amusement across the mind, and lighten



SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

for a moment the traveller's cares. In his journey to the Albert N'Yanza, Sir Samuel stayed for some time with the Latooka tribe, a people who wore but scanty clothing, and were very singular in their ideas of ornament. Although greatly charmed with Lady Baker, Bokké, the wife of the chief, earnestly implored permission to improve her, by extracting four of her lower

front teeth, covering her hair with red ointment, and piercing her lower lip to thrust a pointed piece of crystal through. This well-intentioned but misplaced kindness was, however, declined, much to the dusky lady's surprise.

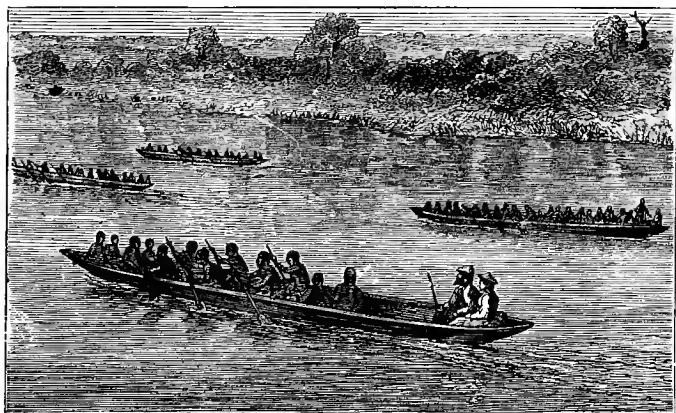
From Latooka Sir Samuel travelled to Obbo, where



LADY BAKER.

he found a strange race of people, living beneath the rule of an old chief named Katchiba, whose power seemed to be maintained by his reputation as a great rain-maker. He became great friends with the traveller, paying him every attention in his power, but at the same time being very ready to receive presents. Sir Samuel stayed with the Obbo tribe for some time,

although some of their ways were exceedingly distasteful to a refined man. He speaks of his dwelling as being snug, about nine feet in diameter, and perfectly round; the floor well cemented with cow-dung and clay, and the walls about four feet six inches in height, formed of mud and sticks, polished off with cow-dung. In this little house Lady Baker remained for some days under the protection of the old chief, while her husband went on an expedition to another tribe. A guard of



SIR S. BAKER ON THE VICTORIA NILE.

the old chief's sons watched at the door every night, while he himself paid the lady a daily visit. Being a very bad walker, this old man made one of his subjects carry him pick-a-back on all his journeys, while one of his wives ran behind with a large jar of native beer on her head for his refreshment.

Being able to ride with safety on the back of a man, this old Obbo chief thought he was equal to

riding a horse; and one day, Lady Baker requesting him to procure her some fowls, he promised to do so, only, as they were at a distant village, it was necessary for him to go for them himself, and would start immediately if a horse was lent him. So Sir Samuel's favourite hunter was brought out for his use. Two men having assisted him on to the back, he took the reins in his hand and shouted out, "Now then, go on!" But the horse, feeling an awkward hand controlling him, and not knowing the Obbo language, refused to stir. "Why won't he go?" inquired the chief.

"Touch him with your stick," cried one of the on-lookers. Acting upon the suggestion, the old chief gave the animal a tremendous whack with his staff. Not being used to such treatment, the horse flung up his hind heels and sent Katchiba over his head on to the ground in front of him, where he fell on his back with great violence. Slowly picking himself up, the old man surveyed the horse with great astonishment, then, refreshing himself with a long draught from his monster jar of beer, he wisely concluded to pursue the journey in his customary manner.

In these memorable travellings of Sir Samuel and his brave lady, it often happened that physical sufferings were close companions to exquisite mental pleasures; this was especially so during the voyage on the waters of the Victoria Nile to Murchison Falls, which he thus graphically describes.

"On arrival at the canoes we found everything in readiness, and the boatmen already in their places. A crowd of natives pushed us over the shallows, and once in deep water we passed through a broad canal which led us into the open channel without the labour of

towing through the narrow inlet by which we had arrived. Once in the broad channel of dead water we steered due east, and made rapid way until the evening. The river, as it now appeared, although devoid of current, was an average of about 500 yards of width. Before we halted for the night, I was subject to a most severe attack of fever, and upon the boat reaching a certain spot I was carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half-dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me until the morning. At daybreak I was too weak to stand, and we were both carried down to the canoes, and, crawling helplessly within our grassy awning, we lay down like logs while the canoes continued their voyage. Many of our men were also suffering from fever. The malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation was most poisonous; and, upon looking back to the canoe that followed in our wake, I observed all my men sitting crouched together, sick and dispirited, looking like departed spirits being ferried across the melancholy Styx. . . .

“The river now contracted rapidly to about 250 yards in width about two miles from Magungo. We had left the vast flats of rush banks, and entered a channel between high ground, forming steep forest-covered hills, about 200 feet on either side, north and south; nevertheless, there was no perceptible stream, although there was no doubt that we were actually in the channel of a river. The water was clear and exceedingly deep. In the evening we halted and slept on a mud bank close to the water. The grass in the

forest was very high and rank; thus we were glad to find an open space for a bivouac, although a nest of mosquitoes and malaria.

“On waking the next morning, I observed that a thick fog covered the surface of the river, and as I lay upon my back, on my augarep, I amused myself before I woke my men by watching the fog slowly lifting from the river. While thus employed I was struck by the fact that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages, were certainly, although very slowly, moving to the west. I immediately jumped up and watched them most attentively; there was no doubt about it, they were travelling towards the Albert Lake. As we proceeded the river gradually narrowed to about 180 yards, and when the paddles ceased working we could distinctly hear the roar of waters. By ten o'clock the current had so increased as we proceeded, that it was distinctly perceptible, although weak. The roar of the waterfall was extremely loud, and after sharp pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the stream increased, we arrived at a few deserted fishing huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. I never saw such an extraordinary show of crocodiles as were exposed on every sand-bank on the sides of the river. They lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank we counted twenty-seven of large size; every basking-place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time we had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by heights somewhat precipitous on either side, rising to about 180 feet. At this point the cliffs were still higher and exceedingly abrupt. From the roar of the water I was sure that the fall would be in sight if we turned a corner

at the bend of the river; accordingly I ordered the boatmen to row as far as they could. To this they at first objected, as they wished to stop at the deserted fishing village, which they explained was to be the limit of the journey, further progress being impossible.

“Upon rounding the corner, a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side the river were



PAPYRUS ON THE NILE.

beautifully wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage; and, rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width. Roaring furiously through

the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

"The fall of water was snow white, which had a superb effect, as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and, in honour of the distinguished president of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river."

And the pride and triumph which filled him when he first saw the object of his long and perilous journey can be well understood by young as well as old. "The sun had not risen," says Sir Samuel, "when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment—here was the reward of all our labour—for years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa, England had won the sources of the Nile!"

With all his enthusiasm as a geographical discoverer, there was present a large amount of humanity

in Sir Samuel, and being empowered by the Khedive of Egypt to wage fierce war with that great curse of Africa, slavery, he was not slow in putting his hand to the plough. Many are the heartrending stories he tells us of the cruelties of this wicked traffic. Once, when his tents were pitched in the neighbourhood of a slave-dealer's camp, a very sorrowful story came to his knowledge. The slave-dealer and his men had returned from a foray made on some distant village; among the captives was a young girl, whose father had been the witness of her abduction, and followed, laden with all his earthly wealth, in the track of the marauders to ransom his daughter. When he appeared at the camp, the girl, although shackled, ran out and clasped him in her arms, overwhelmed with joy; the brutal hunters of human beings seized the man and shot him. When Sir Samuel went to inquire into the truth of the story, he found the corpse of the poor fellow bound to a tree and pierced with bullets. Such men as the executioners of this African father are destitute alike of humanity and conscience; their only object is money, and to everything else they are dead.

One memorable incident reflects a glory on this traveller and his heroic wife. In one of his journeys he met with a large gang of wretched slaves, captured by night assaults on defenceless villages. Dejected and hopeless, the poor creatures were wearily pursuing their way, doubtless thinking of the happy days of their freedom, the excitement of the hunt, the rest after the toils of the chase, and of their wives and children, now all lost, and nothing but a life of bondage to look forward to. But Sir Samuel was near, and their cruel captors were put to flight, their fetters knocked off,



SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER LIBERATING SLAVES.

words of hope spoken to them, food given, and once again they were free.

We have no room to speak of the various hunting exploits of Sir Samuel Baker, yet we must just mention those wonderful sword hunters of whom he tells us, who, dwelling in the countries through which flow the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile, slay the mighty elephant with the sword alone. Three men, mounted on horses, go forth to the forests where the huge animals browse; one excites the wrath of the creature, and with a shrill scream and upraised trunk he rushes forward to wreak his vengeance on the disturber of his repast. The man, giving his horse the rein, on he goes at a break-neck pace, keeping a few feet ahead; but should his steed stumble it would soon be all over with him. The two other horsemen cling to the rear of the infuriated beast. When a favourable opportunity presents itself, one springs from his saddle, and, quick as lightning, buries the keen blade of his heavy sword into one of the hind legs of the elephant just above the foot, severing the tendons; then up springs the nimble hunter again on to his horse, which his companion is holding ready. The wounded creature makes a stride forward, but his foot doubles under him, and he halts, screaming with pain. Again the hunter dismounts, and the other leg meets with the same fate; then, unable to move, the mighty monster of the forest soon bleeds to death. It is certainly exciting and dangerous work, but the value of the tusks and teeth of the elephant well repays the hunters.

It was in the so-called upper regions of the Nile, or rather far beyond them, that the scenes of Sir Samuel's exploits lay. He has opened a new and wonder-

ful country for reader, adventurer, and missionary; indeed, into some parts which he traversed the missionary has already penetrated, but as yet with few results, for the capacity of the African for superstition and degrading customs seems boundless.

We will now leave the Nile and its surrounding countries, and pay a brief visit to Tunis, in the west of North Africa, which has recently attracted so much of the attention of Europe, from the French army having occupied it. The country is governed by a Bey, who acknowledges a nominal dependence on the Porte. He receives investiture from Constantinople, cannot declare war, or conclude peace, nor cede any of his territory without the sanction of the Sultan. All money coined has to bear the Sultan's name, and all troops are to be at his disposal in case of war; but as far as domestic government is concerned the Bey reigns supreme.

Tunis, the capital of the country, is situated close to the ruins of ancient Carthage, and in its character is quite an Oriental city, with a population numbering from 100,000 to 150,000. It stretches in a north-westerly direction, along a shallow inlet called Bahira. On the land side a strong wall encloses it, pierced with nine gateways; the inner town is also encircled by a wall with seven gates. The streets are very narrow and crooked, and by no means clean, especially after wet weather, when they are so muddy as to be almost impassable; but from noon till night they are thronged by a varied and picturesque crowd, for the town is the centre of a large and important trade with other countries. The houses, with the exception of those occupied by Europeans, for the most part present a very dull appearance, for generally no windows face the streets. To

the west of the town stands a very formidable-looking citadel; but on paying it a visit the appearance is found to be exceedingly deceptive, for the interior presents nothing to the eye but heaps of ruins.

The residence of the Bey is at a place called Bardo, some two miles to the north-west of Tunis, and is quite a little town in itself; for it includes palaces, guard-houses, dwellings, workshops, and bazaars. Here dwell the nobility and the officials of the country; and here, too, are situated the military schools.

Sfax, which the French recently bombarded, is one of the most important towns on the eastern coast, and carries on a great trade, not only with the interior but with countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Next to Sfax, Susa may be considered as the chief of the eastern coast towns; it is surrounded with walls, pierced with gates, in good preservation; when seen from the roads it presents quite a favourable appearance for it contains buildings very imposing to the eye, while the number of vessels attracted to it for purposes of trade give it almost a civilised air. Like most other Tunisian towns, its inhabitants are of a motley character—Arabs, Moors, Jews, and Europeans, each having a distinct quarter in which to reside.

By far the most interesting of all Tunisian towns is that of Kairouân, or Kairowan, the Holy City, which for twelve centuries no European or Jew has been allowed to inhabit. When the great prophet Mahomet died, many of his adherents made the site of this city their first halting-place (hence its name, which means literally a body of travellers). The bones of many who lived and fought with the Prophet lie buried and undisturbed in this city—adding to its

sanctity. According to the legend, a supernatural origin came into play in the course of its construction. No stone quarry was in the neighbourhood, and the city, with its circumference of walls, was built entirely of bricks; but when the great mosque came to be constructed, it was felt that nobler materials were required. The Faithful petitioned the help of Allah, who, moved by their cries, sent rolling from a distant mountain a series of gigantic stones, which were only arrested on their way to the city by a still more wonderful miracle. The stones needed fell direct from heaven on the very spot; and as the traveller journeys from Tunis to the city, the guide points out to him the stones, lying in two columns on the plain, at the place they were arrested when rolling from the quarry.

This mosque is considered the finest in all North Africa, and is said to contain no less than five hundred granite columns. This is what the Arabs say, for no Christian has ever yet been allowed to enter its sacred precincts. Indeed, until the French took possession, Europeans were admitted within the walls of the city itself only by an express order from the Bey, and then they were hurriedly conducted through it, and not allowed to examine any spot of interest. An Englishwoman, passing through the streets, is the object of no small interest, with her strange garments and unveiled face (for in this part of the world no woman goes about without being closely veiled); and were it not for those deputed to guard her, she would become the subject of unseemly outrage.

Not only is Kairouan the home of Tunisian religious fanaticism, but the centre of an important market for

sheep, cattle, and all beasts of draught or burden, especially camels. The market is held daily, in a great open square, and presents features so different to any European centre of traffic that an English farmer would feel quite at sea if suddenly plunged into its midst: the black and swarthy inhabitants with their unfamiliar garments, the African sheep with their

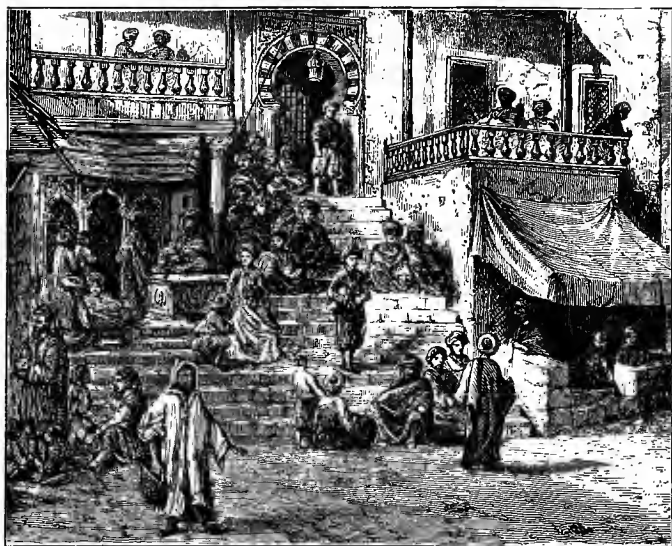


SUSA, A PORT OF TUNIS.

monster tails, the groaning camels fearing to be burdened, and the strange language bandied to and fro, would so confuse him that all his native shrewdness would forsake him, and he would become a prey to the supple-tongued and persuasive dealer.

Before the French occupation of Tunis, the Bey led

a very easy life. So long as his tribute was paid to him from the different provinces over which he ruled, he was not over anxious as to how his many subjects fared. A recent traveller tells us how the Bey passes his time. "In the morning," he says, "he takes biscuits while receiving the reports of his Prime Minister and the Commandant of the Palace, grants audiences, and



A COFFEE HOUSE NEAR TUNIS.

settles affairs of State. He dines with the Prime Minister alone. The bill of fare consists principally of European dishes and *cuscussu*, without which no Tunisian meal is considered complete, either in palace or in hut. It is poultry mixed with a kind of pudding, and all sorts of spices, somewhat like the Turkish pillau.) He

drinks at dinner, against the orders of his religion, a glass of Bordeaux, and thinks probably the Prophet would not have forbidden it had he known the generous wine. After dinner he takes a cup of coffee with cognac *à la française*, and indulges then in the sweet “kef”—the nap indispensable to every Oriental. In the afternoon, at four o’clock, he visits his harem, which is housed in a palace of its own, built on the wreck of the former harbour of the war-fleet of Carthage. In his leisure hours he occupies himself with reading Arabian books, and photography.” He is described as a handsome man, of noble, intelligent appearance, his face surrounded by a grey beard and moustache. Formerly he was very lavish in the presents he made to those who pleased him, especially to Europeans, but recently this trait of his character has disappeared with the growth of troubles arising from the French occupation.

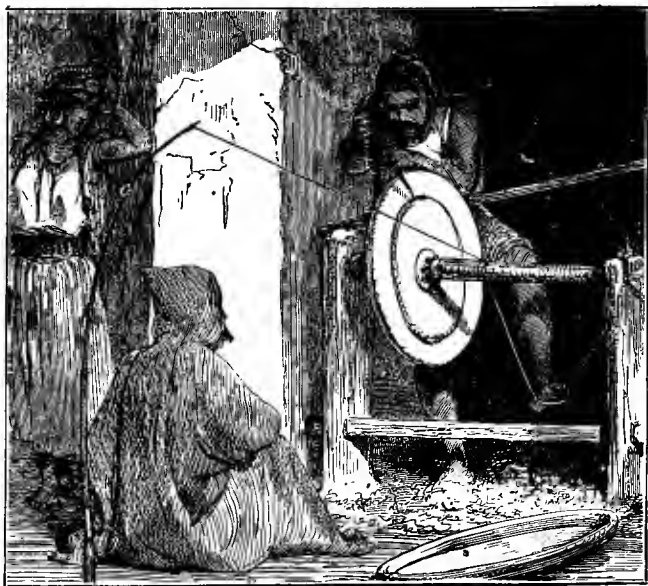
We now come to a part of North Africa that, in years gone by, attained to an unenviable notoriety, and was both hated and feared by the sailors of all maritime nations—Algeria. This country is situated on the eastern frontier of Morocco—of which we shall presently speak—and in the year 1830 was taken possession of by the French. The capital and seat of the Government of this country is Algiers, with a population of about 50,000. It is situated at the head of a gulf, which gulf extends in the shape of a crescent for several miles. The city itself is built in the form of an amphitheatre on the slope of a hill at the western side of the bay, and in reality comprises two distinct towns; that built along the shore, with broad streets and squares, is the modern or European town, while that above it, with its narrow,

winding, and dirty passages, is the old Arab town; and, towering above all, is the ancient fortress of the Deys of Algiers.

From the Bay of Algiers, in past times, used to sail the Algerine rovers—the terror of all sailors—to prey upon the merchant vessels of all and every country; no ship was safe from them, and no white man was spared from cruel slavery. In the reigns of James I. and his son Charles, these rovers had grown so audacious that they plied their trade of piracy in our English Channel, and even made descents upon our coasts, sacking towns and carrying away the inhabitants for slaves. Many are the pitiful stories told by mariners of their cruel bondage to these people, and of the escapes made and attempted by them. One in particular we cannot refrain from narrating, as it illustrates so truly the hardships and dangers to which men will readily expose themselves to escape from the horrors of slavery.

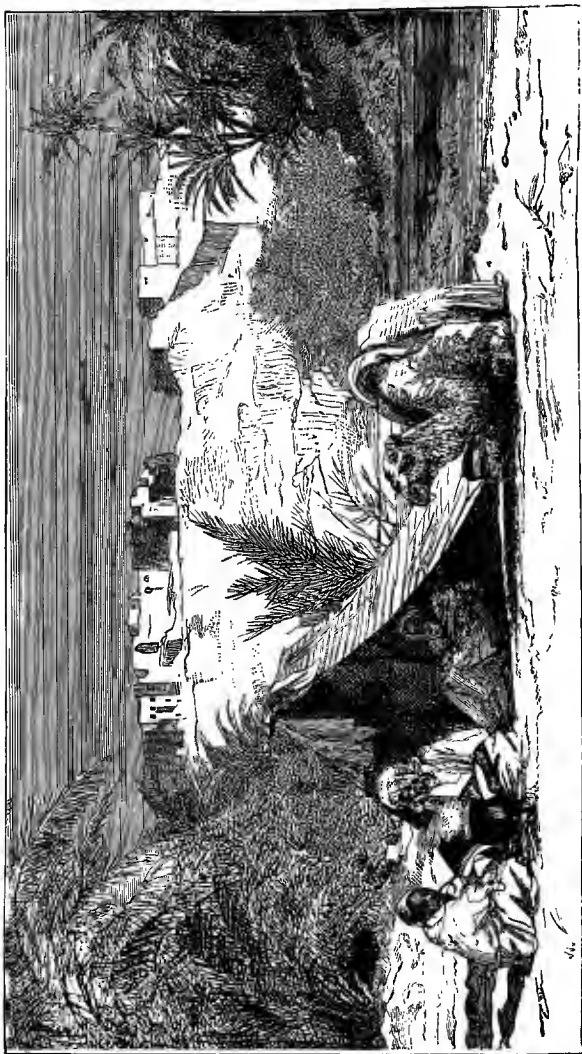
In the closing years of the reign of our King James I., six poor sailors and a clergyman found themselves slaves at Algiers, hardly and cruelly treated by their masters, who regarded them as dogs because they were Christians. Their servitude became so insupportable that they determined to escape. For a long time they knew not how to set about such an undertaking, for the bay was full of shipping and they had no boat. At length it was resolved to build one, or at least the frame of one, and cover it with canvas, hoping it would float well enough to bear them. In a dark cellar, where one of them was compelled to work, and where an occasional service was held by the clergyman, this framework of a boat was built; the pieces were then secretly conveyed to the sea-shore, a half a mile from the city, and

there joined together, the canvas being finally stretched over all. Great was the joy of these poor fellows when they found that their frail ark floated buoyantly on the water, but sadly depressed were they when it was discovered that it would not contain all their number. Two were obliged to return to shore, while the other



ALGERINE WOOD TURNER AT WORK.

five shoved off, humbly trusting in Providence that all would end well. Good fortune attended the adventurers; they escaped the notice of the sailors in the harbour, and though one had to be continually employed in baling the water which leaked into the boat, and they



EL KANTARA.

suffered dreadfully from hunger and thirst, they finally escaped to Gibraltar, and from thence to their own country.

But so formidable did these Algerine rovers become, and so rapacious and cruel, that civilised countries were obliged to pay a tribute to the Dey to exempt their ships from capture; and so loud was the cry raised against their holding Christian white men in slavery, that Louis XIV. sent a fleet to bombard the town and effect the release of the captives. But the final subjection of this stronghold of iniquity was not effected until the year 1816, when Lord Exmouth, with an English and Dutch fleet, sailed into the bay and brought their forts about their ears—not an easy task to accomplish, for the harbour was defended by a series of forts, mounting as many as a thousand guns, while the combined squadron had only half the number. But British sailors are never frightened at a powerful enemy; they go into battle with the determination to win, let the odds be what they may. Lord Exmouth sent a message to the Dey, stating the conditions to be acceded to if he spared the city from bombardment. No answer being returned, the work of destruction commenced; and so vigorously was it carried on, that at the close of the action many of the forts were dismantled, the Algerine fleet and the city on fire. This state of things brought the Dey to reason as no conciliatory words could ever have done. No less than 1,200 Christians were released from slavery; a sum of several hundred thousand dollars, which had been paid for the redemption of captives, restored to Naples and Sicily; and 30,000 dollars given to the British consul, who had been detained prisoner and his property destroyed. The wife and

daughter of the consul had with difficulty escaped dressed as man and boy.

This was a severe lesson to this nation of pirates, and for a time kept them quiet. But once again they commenced their nefarious work; then France stepped in, and, in 1830, deposed the reigning Dey and took possession of the country, which it has ever since retained. Not an easy conquest, for the wild and fierce Arabs of the country were difficult to overcome. Accustomed to a life of wild freedom in the desert, they proved restless and intractable. Defeated again and again, they would retire to their strongholds, such as the gorge of El-Kantara, south of the great Sahara Desert, and there plan fresh expeditions against the invader. For years the French considered their Algerine possessions as a school for the training of officers and soldiers; and even now, after so many years of occupation, the fierce Arabs are continually in rebellion.

A great deal of good has been done by the French since their occupation. Marshes and lakes, the hot-beds of ague and fever, have been drained, giving place to fertile land, irrigation has been extensively adopted, emigrants from the mother country have settled, commerce has improved; but with all this there is but little sympathy between the native inhabitants and their conquerors. The religion of the Arabs and Berbers being Mohammedanism, they regard all Christians as dogs, keeping themselves strictly apart, and adhering to their own customs; added to which, it has been found impossible to mould the nomad Bedouin Arab to the usages of civilised life. He loves too well the wild freedom of a desert existence to submit to the confinements of civilisation. At one time it was thought that if substantial houses

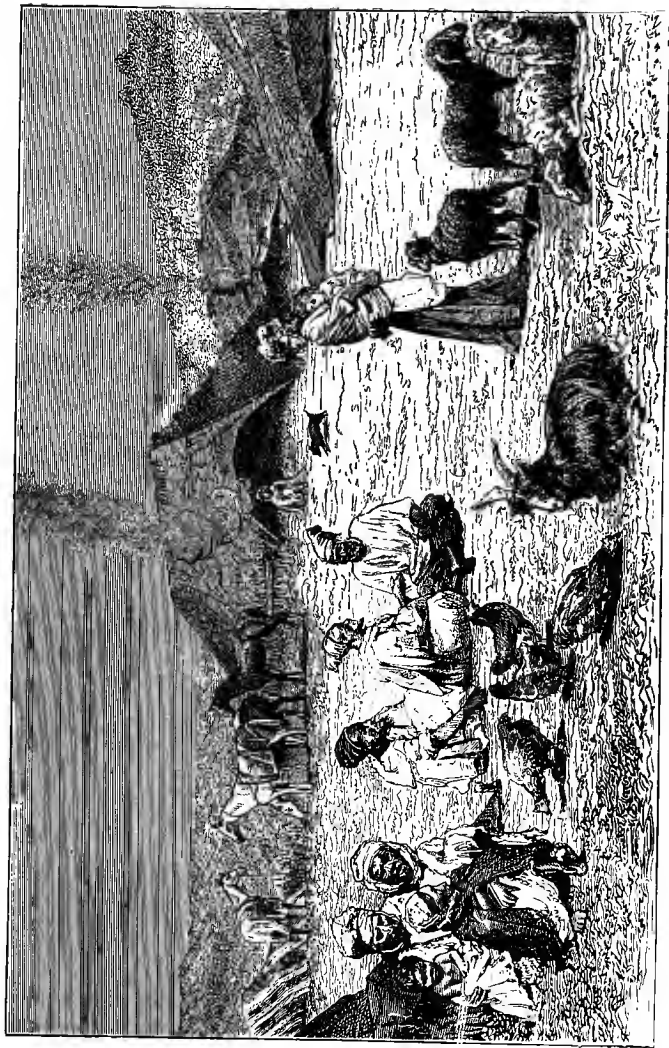
were built for the Sheikhs, or heads of the various tribes, there would be a chance of their giving up their roaming propensities. This was done. Some little time after, a French officer inquired of a Sheikh what he thought of his house.

"I am enraptured," he replied. "The French are in truth an extraordinary people; they have done me a service for which I shall be everlastingly grateful. Since my house has been finished I have not lost a single sheep. I lock them up every evening in the house, and next morning none of them are ever missing."

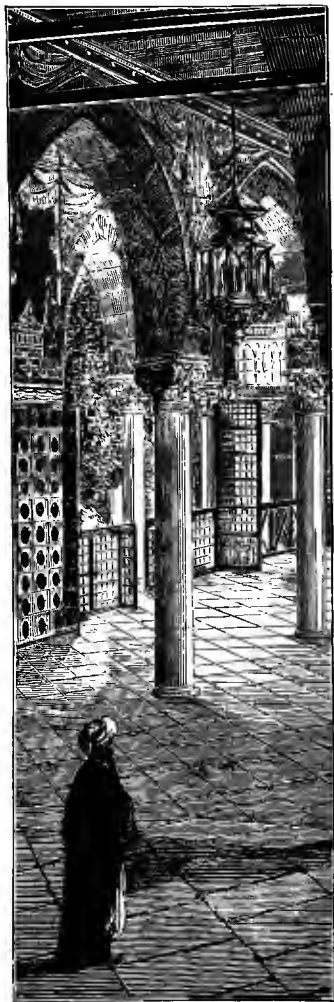
"How? what!" asked the officer; "and where then do you pass the night yourself?"

"Oh, I," exclaimed the Sheikh, "you understand a man like me, a man of blood, can dwell nowhere but in a tent."

One of the most important towns in the interior of Algeria is that of Constantine, so called after the Roman Emperor Constantine, who as far back as the year 313 of the Christian era restored it, for it was then in ruins, being one of the old cities of Numidia. It contains a magnificent palace, in which are halls supported by long rows of splendid columns, with tessellated floors, and walls highly coloured and decorated. Adjoining the palace is one of the finest orangeries of which the country can boast. Here the Pasha of the city resides. The women's apartments are separated from those of the men, as is the case in all Algerine households. If one walks through the streets of either town or city, the houses present an almost invariable dead wall to the sight; if there are any windows at all, they are but narrow slits and closely barred. The lives of the women



A DUAR, OR ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUIN ARABS.



A HAIL IN AN ALGERINE
PALACE.

of Algeria are passed in a round of monotonous pastimes and duties. If they walk abroad they must be closely veiled, so that no eye may rest upon their features; at home, no man is permitted to eat with them, or even so much as to enter their apartment. Contrasted with the freedom of English women, their life is but a slavery. Yet they look very pretty and picturesque in their semi-oriental costume, reclining on their soft cushions with their fanciful head-dresses, braceleted arms, tunic, and what-not; and, unaccustomed to liberty, they bear their lot with a passiveness only to be understood by its being inevitable.

The Arabs of Algeria are usually divided into two classes—the Moors, dwelling in towns, and the Bedouins of the desert. These latter are averse to civilisation; they prefer

the liberty of the desert to all the comforts of town or city. Not nice are they in their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*; what they desire they fancy they have a perfect right to appropriate, and no property is sacred to them. They lead a wandering life, pitching their tents here and there as fancy or expediency dictates. Lawless though they be, yet are they true followers of their great prophet Mahomet, and neglect none of the observances their religion enjoins. Careering across the wide sandy desert in all the plenitude of health and strength, at a given time the horse remains motionless, while the master rises in his stirrups with his face towards Mecca to pray. Then away again across the arid plains.

In Algeria, as in other parts of Africa, the lion is found to be a formidable foe to the sheep-cote and the cattle-pen. Dr. Livingstone, speaking of the South African lion, calls it a coward, and says it is afraid of the face of a man. This cannot be said of the lion of the north of Africa, for it is ever ready to attack an enemy, the sight of one rousing him to fury; it will even fly at a whole band of armed Arabs and scatter them to the winds. No native will ever dream of encountering one unless supported by a number of followers armed with muskets, and even then the prey is not secured until havoc has been made in the assailants' ranks. Knowing the terrible courage and strength of a lion, the natives will remain for a long time passive while it kills their cattle; but when their losses have become too grievous to be borne, they resolve to storm him in his lair. Daylight is chosen as the most appropriate time for such an expedition, and in full conclave having decided upon the mode of operation, they assemble near the spot where he is supposed to be hiding; then, brave

in numbers, they gradually advance, shouting with might and main, to intimidate their foe. "On hearing the noise, the lion, if young, at once quits his lair; the lioness does the same, unless she have her young with her. But as he does not fly he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt. If the lion is an adult, he knows the meaning of this noise which wakes him; and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the trees, and shaking his majestic mane. He listens, and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain premonitory growls. He then stalks slowly towards the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and, espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits.

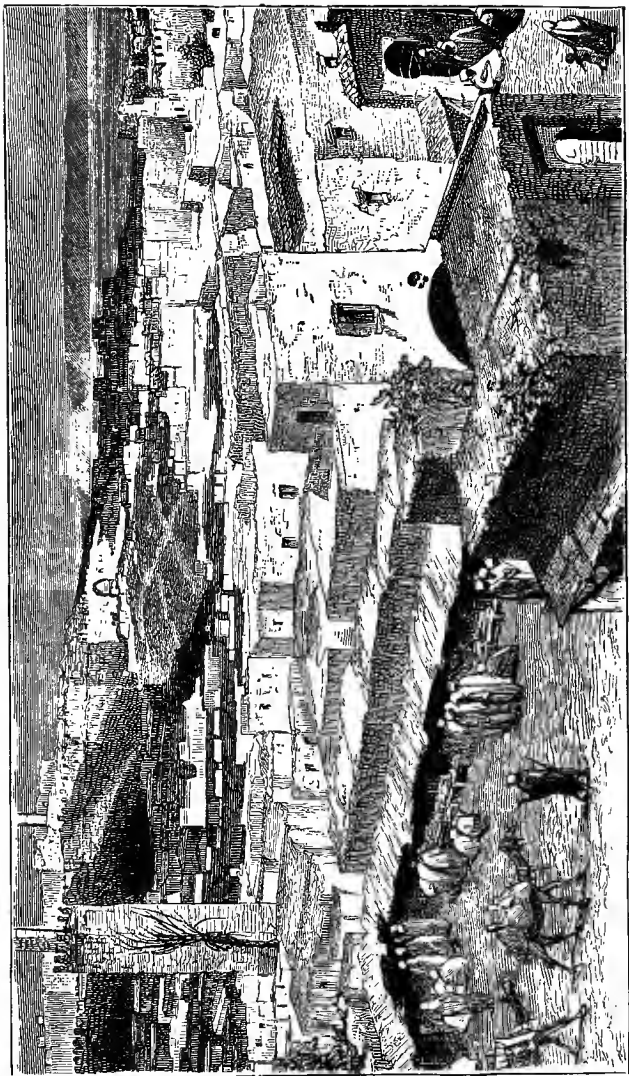
"The Arab who first sees him cries, 'There he is!' and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and look well to their arms, while the lion slowly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de combat*. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and, in a tone of defiance, shouts, 'Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us! Rise and fly, for we belong to such a tribe, and I am Abdallah!' The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophised him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself, and makes no reply to the challenge, nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of 'Jew!' 'Christian!' 'Infidel!' liberally bestowed on him, until the voices swell in a chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail, and marches straight towards the insulters. The timid are already in flight,

the brave remain and await the attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks



THE ORANGERY AT CONSTANTINE.

leisurely towards them. They now begin to retreat slowly in order, their faces turned to him, until they



TANGIERS.

rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance.

“The lion, on seeing the horsemen on the plains, pauses to reconnoitre. No cries or insults move him; nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisurely march for a charge, which scatters the little army. No one is ashamed of flying now. Each tries to secure a favourable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating group, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance, discharge his gun, and the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After awhile the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat, and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at, and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or his horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish European hunters to hear that thirty balls, at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain, and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down, and the man, probably protected by his bernous, gets off with a mere flesh wound from the terrible claws; but after the beast has been wounded he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon whom to spring; and when mortally wounded his rage is some-

thing awful. He crushes his victim under him, and crouches over him as if rejoicing in his agony. While his claws slowly tear the flesh of the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on those of his victim, who, fascinated by them, is unable to cry for help or even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lips, and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile, the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, towards the lion, who sees them coming but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the brute and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close that they can place their muskets in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left in him, he kills the man lying beneath, and bounds on the one who has come to the rescue, and, as he lies motionless on the body of his victim, it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then, closing his eyes, awaits death." Such is the lion of Northern Africa.

Morocco is the most westerly of the Barbary States, and the most extensive, being a fourth larger than France. It is ruled over by a Sultan, whose power is absolute. The country is divided into certain governments, many of them never visited by the monarch, who usually passes his time in one of the three principal cities of the empire. The dwellers in the coast towns never look upon the face of their ruler, although they at times feel his power. Tangiers, situated at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, which divide

Europe from Africa, is one of the most important of these towns, but possessing a most motley population, the greater number of whom are strict Mohammedans, though there are some Jews and Christians. The town is surrounded by a wall fortified on the sea side. The square market-place usually presents a very lively scene. There stand tall men from the interior, enveloped in the folds of white haiks or hooded gelab, with a long dagger by their side, leaning on their Moorish hoes, waiting to be hired. Their heads are bare and clean shaven, with the exception of a long lock hanging on their shoulder. The Arab is there with his camel. Round the fountains are slaves squabbling for their turn to get water, and water-carriers with their antique jars; while on the outskirts the despised Jew waits patiently until the rest are served.

In the morning the hour of prayer is announced by a priest from a minaret of the mosque with the words, "*Prayer is better than sleep! God is great!*" Then on every side may be seen the prostrate forms of men performing this act of worship. Just outside the city is the Mohammedan burial-ground, where the graves are so placed that each one points to the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. Great care must be taken not to step on a grave, for it is believed that the soul of the Faithful are troubled when an infidel foot presses on his place of rest. "On Friday," says one writer, "the dark-eyed houris of Tangiers are seen, enveloped in their white haiks, and flitting like shrouded ghosts about the tombs. Wailing and lamentation are heard on every side; and the young widow may be seen scattering myrtle on the grave of her husband, while, bending over it, she calls to him who can no longer hear, 'Oh, why



A WIDOW MOURNING AT HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

have you deserted me? Have I been wanting in my duties to you that I deserved so hard a fate? Woe, woe is me! I am left alone and wretched! Why was not I freed with thee from the troubles of this life?' In other spots you see mothers bewailing the loss of their children, beating their breasts and sobbing aloud. Then the solemn chant and hurried footsteps of some funeral procession fall upon your ear. The simple rites of the dead are performed in haste. Azrael, the angel of death, is supposed to be hovering over the fresh-dug grave, and any delay would be an infringement of the law of the Prophet."

Tangiers was once in the possession of the Spaniards, but at the close of the seventeenth century they were driven out by Muley Ismail, a very able Sultan, but who is chiefly remembered by the cruelties he perpetrated. He is said to have executed no less than five thousand people with his own hands, and was ever inventing new torments for his victims; even his wives and children were not safe from his appetite for cruelty.

One of the most interesting of recent books on Morocco and its people is that written by an Italian, Edmondo de Amicis, who was sent by his Government on an embassy to the Sultan; and as an English translation of the work exists, we cannot do better than borrow his description of the city of Fez, where he had his interview with the monarch of Morocco, whom he found to be a young man, with mild and pleasing features, and showing considerable intelligence by his questions.

The situation of this city is described as very beautiful, stretching out between two hills surmounted by the ruins of an ancient fortress. The river Pearl flows

through the centre, dividing the city into the old and new town. A turreted wall surrounds the whole. If you stand on the heights above, the whole city lies at your feet, and the eye can take in all its picturesque details—the white houses with flat roofs, graceful minarets, cupolas, lofty palms, and green patches of vegetation; while outside the walls the country is covered with ruined buildings of every description.

Now let us enter within the gates, taking de Amicis as our guide:—"To the right and left are high dead walls, like those of a fortress, succeeded by lofty houses without windows,



A WATER-CARRIER AT FEZ.

but disclosing frequent rents and fissures; streets now ascending precipitous steeps, now leading down abrupt inclines, but always encumbered with rubbish and refuse. Numerous long covered passages, through which the wayfarer is obliged to grope his way in the dark, occasionally running into blind alleys or narrow dripping corners, strewn with the bones of animals and all sorts of garbage, the whole veiled in a dim light, producing the most depressing effect on the spirits. In some places the ground is so broken up, the dust so thick, the stench so intolerable, the air so swarming with mosquitoes, that one is fain to stop and draw breath. From time to time we hear the rumbling of a wind-mill, the splashing of water, the hum of the spindle, a chorus of shrill voices, presumedly from some neighbouring children's school; but to the eye nothing of all this is anywhere visible.

“ We approach the centre of the city; the streets become more thronged, men gazing at us in amazement, women turning aside or concealing themselves, children shouting and running away, or shaking their fists at us from a safe distance. We come upon detached fountains, richly-ornamented mosaics, noble archways, and courts encircled with graceful arcades. At last we turn into one of the main streets, about two yards wide. We become the objects of general attraction, every one pressing round us, so that the soldiers under whose escort we have been placed find it difficult to keep us clear of the menacing crowds. Every moment we are obliged to step aside in order to make room for some Moorish cavalier, or for an ass laden with gory sheep's heads, or it may be a camel bearing along some closely-veiled Mohammedan lady. To the right and the left

are the open bazaars thronged with men, gateways and courts filled with all sorts of wares, mosques with open doors, through which are visible the believers prostrate at their devotions. Here the atmosphere is heavy with a strong fragrance of aloes, aromatic spices, incense, and resin. Swarms of children pass by with scald-heads and all manner of cuts and scars, repulsive old hags bareheaded, idiots nearly stark naked, crowned with garlands, with branches in their hands, and incessantly laughing, singing, and dancing about. At a street corner we meet a 'saint'—an exceedingly fat man, naked from top to toe, resting with one hand on a spear covered with red cloth, and dragging himself along with much labour. He scowls at us, and mutters a few unintelligible words as he passes. Soon after, chance brings in our way four soldiers carrying off an unlucky wretch, hacked and covered with blood—evidently some thief caught in the act, for the crowd of children at his heels keep incessantly shouting, 'His hand ! his hand ! off with his hand !' In another street we meet two men with an open bier, on which is exposed a corpse withered up to a mummy, in a white linen sack, and bound round at its neck, waist, and knees."

Such a picture of Fez is more graphic than any laboured description—the strange and motley scenes, the quarrels of seller and buyer, the yelling little street urchins, so like boys of other countries in their love of mischief and curiosity ; the narrow, crooked, and dirty streets, the tall and windowless houses, all are before the eye. Then the domestic interior of the houses, the strange habits of the inmates, the men seated with uncovered feet at dinner, using fingers instead of forks to pop delicious morsels into the mouth ;

the women dwelling apart, often seen reclining on luxurious cushions on the roof, passing their time in doing nothing, as only an Oriental woman can.

Mr. Drummond Hay, during his visit to this strange country, was presented to a great chief, who, wishing to please him, said he would take him through his harem, where never yet the foot of man, save his own, had ever trod. The apartments were found to be luxuriously furnished, the floors covered with thick carpets of finest colours. In one room he saw a bride's trousseau-box, made of Moorish pine, elegantly carved in Saracenic fashion. On the box lay an eight-stringed lute and a *tom-tom*. Very little openings gave light and air to the apartments. While looking curiously about him, he was suddenly surrounded by all the women, black, white, and half-caste, who with manifest curiosity made a thorough scrutiny of him.

"Look!" said one, "I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like Moham-medans."

"See!" said another, seizing his hand, "one, two, three, four, five!—exactly the same number!"

"But what are these?" screamed a third, laying hold of the tails of his coat; "does he hide his tails here?"

"And he laughs, too!" they exclaimed, surprised to find in a Nazarene so many points of resemblance.

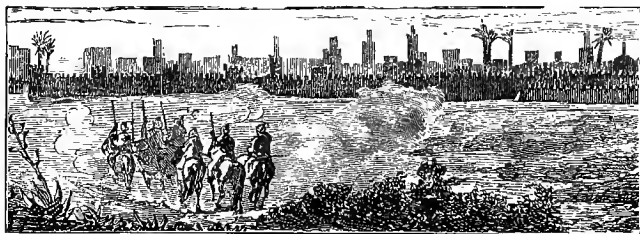
On another occasion Mr. Hay paid a visit to an Arab's tent, where, as in the harem, he became the object of curiosity to the women, who crowded round him, some venturing to touch his arm, then run back half-alarmed at their own boldness; but when he pulled a glove from his hand, all shrank back with



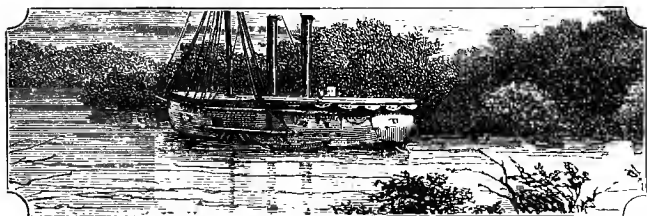
DINNER-TIME IN MOROCCO.

horror, considering it an act of sorcery. When their alarm had subsided, a little girl stepped forward, holding up her hand highly dyed with henna, and said, "Can Christian women paint their hands like mine?"

So secluded are the lives led by these Moorish women, and so deficient are they in education, that the most simple things outside their own experience are a matter of wonder; but especially do Christians interest them, and when our Italian traveller was residing at Fez, he and his companions were one day arranged outside the walls of the Sultan's harem that the ladies might view them; probably they had never before seen a Christian in European dress.



THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF FEZ.



CHAPTER II.

THE GABOON, SOUDAN, AND GUINEA COAST.

Captain and Trader—A Trip up the Gaboon—A Native Village—The M'Pongwès—Fetish—Electing a Chief—An Interior—King William—Missionaries—A Missionary Station—The "Test"—Camping—Kroumen—The Shekiani—Fans—The Niger—Segou—Mungo Park—Woman's Kindness—Elmina—Cape Coast Castle—Ashantee Country—Cruelties of the Ashantees—Ashantee War—Coomassie—Sierra Leone.



A SHIP has just anchored in the Gaboon River, on the western coast of Africa, for the purpose of taking on board a cargo of ivory and palm-oil; it had visited the same place some time before, and the captain had advanced to the native traders certain sums of money, for the express purpose of enabling them to collect a sufficient

quantity of the above articles to complete his cargo while he made a further cruise along the coast. To his great disappointment, he finds these traders have been very remiss, and instead of having enough goods to freight his ship, there is barely the value of a tenth of his money; and now he must remain far longer than he had intended, anchored in this unhealthy river,

with every prospect of losing many of his crew from the deadly fever which sooner or later attacks all Europeans and others not natives of the region. The hot and stifling atmosphere, laden with miasma, plays terrible havoc with the health and strength of the white man. He lounges idly about the deck, longing in vain for a breath of pure sea air, the humid atmosphere pressing upon him so heavily that it is difficult to breathe, and almost impossible to work.

The wily traders know all this. They visit the ship, and are profuse in apologies, explanations, and promises; but day after day passes and but little is added to the cargo, while the men sicken one after another with a rapidity which becomes alarming. The traders board the ship less frequently, and ivory and palm-oil arrive in less and less quantities, until, in despair at the expenses he is incurring, and fearing the loss of his entire crew if he stays longer, the captain weighs anchor and sails away. This has been the history of many a ship which has voyaged from Europe to the Gaboon, illustrating the truth of the old proverb which says that he is a bad paymaster who pays beforehand.

The ship we have just seen anchor in the river will doubtless suffer a similar fate. The captain paces the deck, throwing impatient glances at either bank of the river, hoping to see laden canoes putting off; but it is hoping against hope, for none dot the water, and no signs are perceptible of any work going on on shore. At length, from a little creek, hidden by dense vegetation from all on board, a light canoe shoots out and makes its way to the vessel, in which is recognised a native trader, who presently climbs the side and presents himself before the captain. A long and somewhat

angry conversation ensues, at the conclusion of which the native faithfully promises to have enough palm-oil and ivory ready to complete the ship's cargo in a fortnight; his men are already on their way from the interior, laden with the spoils of various elephant hunts and bearing oil in abundance. With this promise the captain is compelled to rest satisfied, although he does so with a very bad grace, feeling almost certain that the promise is sure to come to nothing.

The captain has on board with him his son, a bright active lad of fifteen, now making his first voyage to Africa, full of excitement at the novel scenes he has already seen and hopes still to see. He proposes to his father that while waiting for the promised goods they should make a trip up the river, and visit some of the native villages, see what sort of places they are, and what kind of people inhabit them. Willing to gratify the boy's curiosity, the captain agrees, and having chosen a crew composed of his best men to man the boat, a mast is shipped, a sail bent, provisions and arms served out, the ship left in the charge of the first mate, and the little expedition starts on the up-river voyage.

The first place at which the captain and his son landed was a village of the M'Pongwè. There were canoes drawn up on the shore, and drying in the sun were a number of fishing nets, made of the fibre of pineapple leaves, here and there a heap of red wood waiting to be transported to some vessel, a few long-legged fowls pecking about. The village itself consisted of two long rows of houses, shaded by very tall and wide branching trees. At the back of the houses, or huts, were large patches of cultivated ground, in which grew bananas, manios, and paw-paw trees. The village pre-

sented a very sleepy appearance, as but few signs of active life were apparent. Two persons only could the captain and his son see moving about, and these were a man and woman approaching them. The woman was dressed in a simple piece of cotton stuff secured round her waist. On each of her legs were copper rings; there



A NATIVE OF THE GABOON RIVER.

were rings, also, of the same metal on her toes. She moved along heavily, doubtless from the fact of bearing a weighty load upon her back. The man by her side stepped jauntily along, wearing a tall black hat upon his head, with a large bunch of keys slung round his neck; his dress consisted simply of the

aforesaid hat and a pair of white duck trousers. He was a tall and well-proportioned fellow, and moved with great freedom of action, not being encumbered with any load.

“What a lazy fellow,” said the captain’s son, “letting the poor woman carry all that heavy load, while he himself has nothing.”

"Yes," replied his father, "but the men of the M'Pongwè tribe think they are made for something else better than work, and therefore do as little as possible. They make their wives work instead."

"Wives!

What, has a man more than one?"

"Yes, as many as he can afford to purchase. The more he has the richer he is reckoned; for they not only do all domestic duties and become beasts of burden, as you see this one is, but cultivate the ground, while their lords spend their time in idling about and drinking rum whenever they can get it."



A NATIVE OF THE GABOON RIVER.

"But why does he carry that ridiculous bunch of keys suspended round his neck? I would choose something more ornamental."

"You must know that the great ambition of a M'Pongwè is to be considered a rich man; and as soon as possible he buys a number of keys, wearing them so

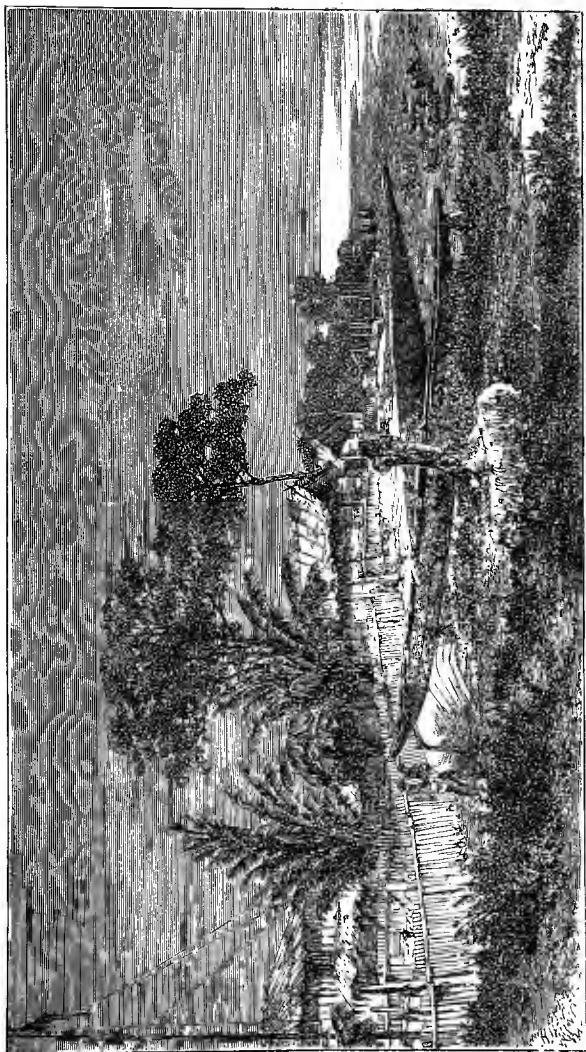
that every one can see them, and believe that they are used to open boxes which he has at home—boxes supposed to contain treasures. Not only does he purchase keys, but a number of empty cases and chests, which are placed in conspicuous places in his hut, so that all visitors may see them and think what a fortunate man he is. When he really does become rich, and has a number of wives, he is the object of envy to his less fortunate neighbours, and has to take every precaution to preserve his safety. Then he will not touch any food that has not been prepared by his chief wife and tasted by all his others, or the chances are that he may one day be poisoned.”

“But have not the missionaries made some improvement in the lives of these people? They have been labouring here for years.”

“Not very much as yet, though they work with a most praiseworthy zeal. All this part of the western coast is in the possession of the French, and there are many Roman Catholic missions established, where the good fathers work untiringly; but so deeply imbued are these people with their own customs, that little has yet been done to elevate them, either socially or morally. They soon began to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest, but only because it gave them an opportunity of displaying all their finery. But let us hasten on; I want you to visit one of their more inland villages—for the M’Pongwé has both his sea-side and country residence. I hear that a chief is to be elected, and as the mode of election is singular I wish you to see it.”

“Are there any other tribes in this region?”

“Yes, both banks of the Gaboon are inhabited by the Bulus, and others, as well as the M’Pongwé; but the



AN ENGLISH TRADING STATION ON THE GABOON.

Bulus are not very numerous, and live a savage life in the woods, enslaved to the most grovelling superstitions."

"But what is the religion of these M'Pongwès?"

"A very degrading one indeed. They are firm believers in the power of good and evil spirits, and they place all their confidence in fetishes, which consist of almost every possible article you can mention. Some fetishes are of course supposed to be more powerful than others. You saw on each of the nets lying on the shore as we landed, a small plate of copper; well, that is the fisherman's fetish. A very powerful fetish—"mondah," as it is called,—is a pinch of ash from the burnt brain of a leopard; but the most powerful of all is the ash from the burnt flesh or bones of a dead man. Besides these fetishes, they worship large figures made of wood, which are considered their principal gods."

"Are there any cruel customs practised among this tribe?"

"There is one called the "test," which we shall see in operation when we reach our journey's end. You must know that for every disease there is a particular fetish; should the fetish prove unable to effect a cure and the patient dies, a victim is fixed upon by the priest as having by his or her black arts killed the person in question. Usually this victim will be a slave; sometimes it is a free man. Before the assembled village the accused is made to drink a cup of poison. Should it act fatally and cause death, then is the poor creature found guilty, and the wrath of the people vented upon the senseless body; but should the stomach resist the poison, and throw it off, then is the poor creature pronounced innocent, and if the priest has no specious answer ready to account for this, the vengeance of the people is as likely as not to vent

itself upon him. But you may be sure that in almost all instances the priest takes care that the poison is sufficiently strong to make its action fatal."

During this conversation, the captain and his son, each with a rifle on his shoulder and ammunition suspended from his belt, had continued to make their way by a narrow path through a dense forest, the trees of which were festooned with creeping plants, whose embraces had in many instances killed the trees to which they clung. The air was so stifflingly close that they found it necessary more than once to stop and wipe the perspiration from their faces. It needed, indeed, an African's constitution to endure such a climate. At length they came to the village, the inhabitants of which seemed to be in no small state of excitement. All the men were hurrying to a particular point, each carrying a stick or a rattan made of a creeping plant. The visitors followed to see what was on foot, and were witnesses of a singular scene.

A native was walking quietly and slowly along, apparently bent upon no particular errand, yet still glancing somewhat nervously right and left at the assembling people. Presently one crept softly behind him and gave him a smart blow upon the back with a stick. This appeared to be the signal for a general onslaught; for all the men rushed yelling at him, showering down blows upon his defenceless body with such hearty good-will that the fellow was compelled from very pain to cry out and quicken his pace; but however fast he went his tormentors kept up with him, and now one and now another would hasten his movements with a lusty kick. This went on for some little time, and then ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and those who had been the most

active in administering blows now paid lowly homage to their vietim, crowning him with an old battered hat.

“Whatever does all this mean, father?” said the captain’s son, who had gazed with open-mouthed astonishment upon the scene.

“This is the M’Pongwè method of electing a chief. Every village is ruled over by one. The office is not hereditary, although the chief is usually selected from the family of the one deceased. The native you have just seen so well beaten will now have supreme authority over all the affairs of the village, and hold almost the lives of the men and women in his hands.”

“Well, if before I could be a chief I had to undergo such an infliction, I would rather remain a subject.”

“It is a matter of custom. But come, the natives have all returned to their huts; let us pay a visit to one of the black traders about here.”

Saying which, the captain led the way to one of the huts, behind which was a large space of cultivated ground, where trees and plants flourished in all the luxuriance of a tropical country. An odour by no means aromatic saluted them as they approached the door. It was difficult at first to distinguish any object in the interior, as the place was full of smoke, proceeding from a fire burning in the centre, and which could only find a way out by the door. Round the fire were seated several of the trader’s wives; he himself sat in one corner, with a number of women slaves by his side, all of whom were smoking, and variously occupied in picking bananas, cleaning yams, preparing manioc, or scraping pine-apple leaves. The hut was filthily dirty, and in that respect in perfect harmony with the condition of the persons of its occupants; a skin of some wild animal hung up in one

place, and some fish in another. The furniture consisted of a number of empty boxes, couches of palm-tree, chairs, a few pieces of European crockery, and other odds and ends. The women stared at the two visitors, but did not attempt to speak. The trader invited them in, and then asked for tobacco and rum—the first and invariable demand when a European pays a visit; indeed, these articles are usually presented to a chief when a white man is introduced to his presence. The prevailing odour of the place did not induce the captain and his son to make a prolonged stay. Taking a hasty leave of the inmates, they returned to the open air.

“Is there a king or principal chief reigning over these people?” asked the son.

“When I was up this river a few years since, an aged king was then reigning, whom the English called King William and the French *Roi Denis*; a somewhat remarkable character in his way. He had made a voyage to Europe, but his contact with civilisation had no effect upon his manner of life, his liking for rum, and plurality of wives. At one time he derived large revenues from the slave trade, the Gaboon being the river from the mouth of which the poor wretches were embarked for the English, French, and American colonies; but when the trade was checked his income decreased very much, and his riches then seem to have consisted of an amazing number of suits of clothes, old uniforms, gaily decorated coats, and other fanciful attire, with which he decked his black person. When I saw him with his principal wife he was most gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet coat with an epaulet on each shoulder, and the breast elaborately braided; a medal was slung round his neck, and in his hand he held a cane. That was the only time I ever saw him.”



KING WILLIAM, OR "ROI DENIS."

“Has he much power over other chiefs?”

“Not so much as formerly. Contact with Europeans



KING WILLIAM'S PRINCIPAL WIFE.

has but too frequently grafted upon the African character vices to which before it was a stranger; at the same

time, it has slowly but steadily modified many of their cruel customs, and diminished to a very great extent that unquestioned power which their rulers held over their lives and property."

"But are there not missionaries labouring here?"

"Yes, and have been for years; but you asked that question before. As I then said, their progress has been slow; they have so much to contend with. Think with what a terrible power the degrading superstitions of these people hold their minds; think, too, of their social customs, so opposite to the spirit and teaching of Christianity; and then you will not wonder at the little that has been effected for good, but be amazed that any good at all should have been produced. Yet these missionaries deserve our praise and admiration. They sever themselves from the centres of civilisation, exile themselves from kindred and friends, and spend years in a country whose climate impairs their health, and but too often breaks down their constitution; all this is undergone for the purpose of elevating these people to a higher social level, and to plant within them the great and immortal truths of our religion. Most of the missionaries on the Gaboon are French Roman Catholics, and I must say usually men devoted to their work. They have planted stations here and there on the coast, and are labouring with a zeal worthy of all imitation."

"I recollect now that you once took me to one of their stations, where the good father was both polite and hospitable. He showed us over his neat little cottage, built of wood, his garden, fenced in with a wooden railing, carefully cultivated and full of flowers and fruit; and I remember how surprised I was to see such a place, and more especially at the quiet and orderly appear-

ance of the natives employed at different tasks. Some were working as carpenters, others labouring in the garden, but all neatly dressed in white cotton trousers and jackets; and with what respect—I might almost say reverence—they greeted their teacher whenever he approached.”

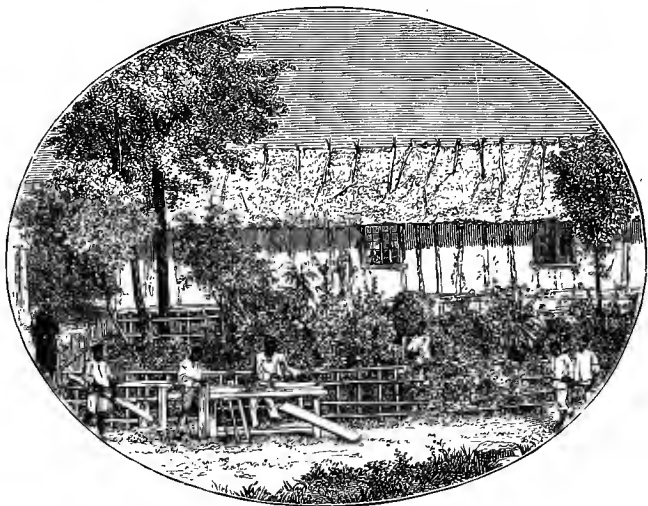
“Yes, they are doing a great and good work. But see! all the natives, men and women alike, are flocking to one point; let us hasten there and see what it all means.”

In front of a hut, standing by itself at the far end of the village, were seated in a circle apparently all the inhabitants of the place, both young and old. Several men were loudly beating a rude kind of drum, and making a most unmusical noise on different kinds of wind instruments to which no English name could be applicable. In one part of the circle, near to the hut, sat the newly-elected chief, in no small state of restrained excitement, judging from the way in which he rolled about his eyes. His subjects were more or less labouring under the same influence; all were evidently in a state of anxious expectancy, and could with difficulty remain quietly in their places. Presently a man issued from the hut, bearing in his arms a large wooden figure, with a most hideous face daubed with red and black paint. The man himself was grotesquely attired in a long cloth, reaching nearly to his heels, on which was painted representations of various fetishes and charms. His head-dress was doubtless intended to strike the spectators with awe, for it was very high, ornamented with beads, copper rings, leaves, and other articles. This was the priest, with the great fetish or idol of the village. After placing this image in the circle, he commenced to chant

a kind of song, at the same time moving himself about and making horrible contortions of the face, till he appeared to work himself into an ungovernable fit of passion, foaming at the mouth, uttering shrill cries, gesticulating, and on the whole presenting a spectacle by no means edifying. His circle of auditors, as they listened to his voice and followed his movements, began gradually to imitate him; some of the more excitable sprang to their feet, and, with loud cries and furious gestures, brandished their knives and hatchets, and from the reiterated utterance of one name seemed to demand the presence of some man or woman. By degrees the sympathies of all were touched, and soon nothing was heard but one name, yelled out with a savageness impossible to describe, and nothing to be seen but a display of frantic creatures abandoned to the influence of the worst of passions. Adding to the terrible character of the scene was the lurid light in which it was transpiring, for darkness had fallen and torches were kindled.

Having worked his audience up to the proper pitch of fury, the priest ceased his barbaric song and dance, and whispered some command to two natives who stood behind him; these disappeared into the temple of the god, but only shortly to return, dragging between them a young woman, evidently in a state of great alarm. At the appearance of this unfortunate creature a sudden silence fell on all, and only from the gleaming of eyes could one tell how intense was the excitement. A cup, full of some liquid, was now handed to the officiating priest, who, turning to the chief, addressed him in a speech of some length, during which he seemed to make frequent reference to his victim, as he continually

pointed at her. At the conclusion, the woman was forced upon her knees, and made to drink the contents of the cup; then all drew back, leaving a clear space around her. Soon the poor creature began to writhe and utter heartrending cries of anguish, then roll convulsively on the ground. When this climax arrived, the spectators, with one accord and with ferocious yells,



A MISSION STATION ON THE GABOON RIVER.

leaped to their feet, and, rushing at her, commenced hacking her to pieces.

"Oh! father, come away. This is too horrible!" said the captain's son, turning his eyes from the fearful scene.

"This, my boy," said the captain, sadly, "is what I told you of before—the 'test.' That unfortunate woman

was doubtless accused of bewitching the late chief and causing his death. The draught she drank was poison. Had her stomach rejected it she would have been saved, and the priest would have been in danger for having made a false accusation; but, as I before said, they take good care that the dose shall be of sufficient strength to prove fatal in its effects."

"I never again wish to see such a scene; it has made me tremble. I can scarcely stand. How can people be so cruel!"

In spite of the darkness, the captain and his son, guided by a native, made their way back to their boat. During their absence the men had erected a tent, before which a large fire was blazing, and preparations were going forward for an evening meal. Supper over, the two reclined at the door of the tent, both tired with their excursion. On the further side of the fire were seated several sailors and Kroumen smoking, while one or two natives, attracted by the hopes of receiving tobacco and rum, squatted near them. The light from the fire lit up their dark faces, and threw a picturesque effect upon the scene.

"Father," said the boy, "where do those Kroumen come from?"

"A great deal farther west than the Gaboon. Their country lies on what is called the Grain Coast, to the east of Liberia. They are the most industrious, active, and useful of all the tribes of the western coast. I don't know what masters of trading ships and captains of men-of-war would do without them; for they are hired to do the rough work of the ship, which in such a climate as this would too often prove fatal to the European. Being robust and strong, they are able to endure with

impunity what no Englishman could. Grand Cess is one of their principal villages, and is simply a collection of thatched huts, standing in the woods a short distance from the shore, which at that point is mainly a belt of yellow sand, on which the waves of the Atlantic continually break. A ship sailing along, and wishing to engage a gang of these men, fires a gun; instantly by hundreds the inhabitants rush to the beach and launch their canoes into the surf. These canoes are made from a single piece of wood, and gracefully taper at both ends; one or two men squat on their heels in the bottom, and use their paddles with such dexterity and skill that the slight skiffs go dancing swiftly over the leaping waves. As a hundred or more of these canoes approach the ship, each trying to outrace the other, the men shout and yell, and cry out the names of any old acquaintances whose faces they recognise in a perfect ecstasy of delight. Arrived on board, a certain number are hired by the captain, of whom one man is chosen to be the head, and becomes responsible for their good behaviour. They are usually engaged for one year, which they reckon by the number of moons, for each of which a notch is cut in a stick.

"These men are often very intelligent, and quickly learn to speak a foreign language, and even take to civilised ways and manners with a surprising aptitude; but when they return to their own country they soon sink back again into barbarism. I can't say much for their moral character; for they seem born thieves, and are exceedingly dexterous in appropriating to themselves what belongs to another. In their own country they wear but little clothing, while on board ship they often manifest a taste for finery. Besides being the

best canoe-men and sailors on the coast, they have been introduced as labourers to most of the settlements, and do the work which the natives themselves are either too proud or too lazy to do."

In such talk the hours passed by until it was time to think of sleep. On the following morning the boat was again launched, and sailed further up the Gaboon; the captain and his son, seated in the stern, gazing—the boy especially—with interest at the luxuriant tropical scenery on either bank, so different from the European, that it seemed, as indeed it was, another world. But silence was not long maintained between them, the boy's mind being too eager for information for his tongue to remain quiet, and he soon commenced questioning.

"Shall we visit any of the tribes higher up the river?"

"No; it would be a far too hazardous expedition; besides, I cannot spare the time. We shall only pay a visit to a few more of these M'Pongwè villages, and then return to the ship."

"Which is the next tribe beyond the M'Pongwè?"

"The Shekiani, a people said to be of a cruel and revengeful character. When Paul du Chaillu visited them, he found they would inflict pain of the greatest severity, and apparently without the slightest concern as to their victims' sufferings; while some of their modes of torture were most ingenious and refined. He once saw a native bind one of his wives tightly round the legs with a cord, and then, inserting a piece of wood, twist the cord until the poor creature shrieked with agony, and it was only by his forcible intervention that she was released. One of their

superstitions is very singular; they believe that some men when they die turn into gorillas, and ever after haunt the village, killing the men and carrying off the women into the jungle. Their villages consist of two rows of oblong huts, either built on the crest of a hill or in the midst of a thorn-brake, and at night both ends of this one street are blockaded by bamboo poles, tied together with some creeping plant, so that no one may enter or leave after dark.

“The most distant tribe on the Gaboon are the Fans, a terrible yet fine race of savages; forthoughavowedly cannibals, they are skilled in several arts, especially that of working in metals. Formerly they fashioned all their own weapons for warfare or the hunt, among which were arrows, very sharply-pointed and poisoned; now, however, they use the European gun. The tribe numbers many thousands, and is the terror of those adjacent. The Fan country



A KROUMAN.

is the true home of that strange creature, the gorilla. The natives tell very singular and incredible stories concerning the savageness and strength of this animal—of his power to flatten a gun-barrel with his teeth, and kill a man with one blow of his terrible hand.”

“What a strange country this Africa is, and what a wonderful river this Gaboon,” said the boy, musingly.

“But wonderful as this river is,” rejoined his father, “it is not the most important of those which find an outlet on the western coast; that distinction belongs to the Niger.”

“The Niger! Why, you have sailed up that, have you not, father?”

“Yes; for you must know that for hundreds of miles into the interior there are regular trading stations and factories situated along its banks, and a regular system of navigation maintained by steamers of light draught. These steamers, however, have to be well armed, for many of the tribes they pass are hostile, and fire at the vessels from the banks of the river. They carry European goods to the factories, and in exchange receive ivory, palm-oil, and shea butter.”

“Is not Timbuctoo reached by the Niger?”

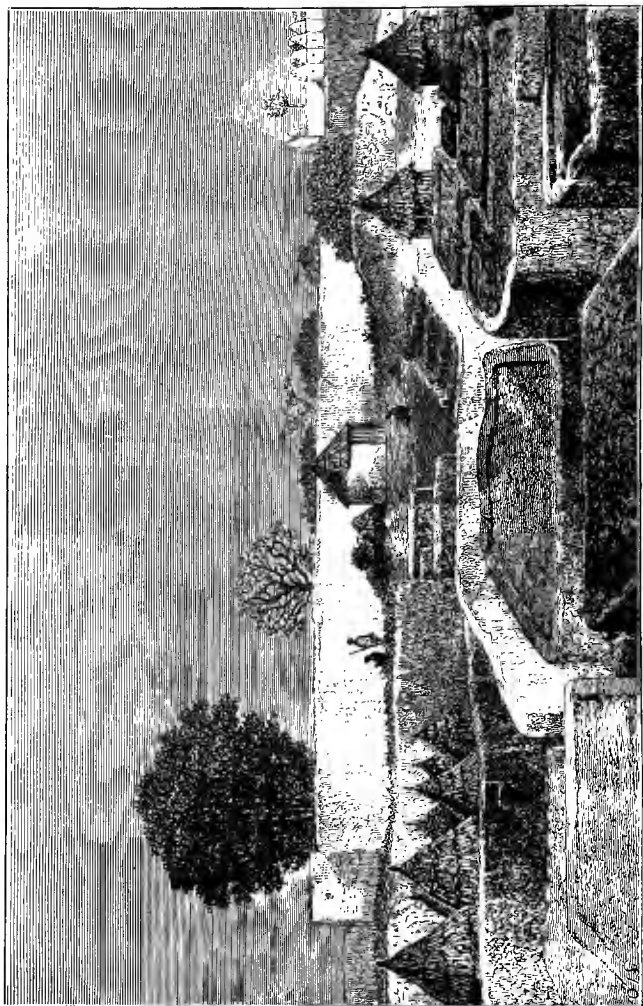
“It can be gained that way, but that is a city which I have never visited, and but few Europeans can boast of having seen it. The highest to which I ascended was Segou, the capital of the Bambarras, situated on the Upper Niger, in that portion of Africa called Soudan.”

“What sort of place did you find it?”

“A very singular-looking town, indeed. It is sur-

rounded with earth walls, and the houses are made of white mud, some of them being two stories high. The inhabitants are representatives of many types of people, Moors, negroes, and others far too numerous to mention, who, from various parts of what is called Western Soudan, have gravitated there. Some of the children I noticed were most intelligent-looking, and not unbecomingly dressed. Many of the inhabitants are wealthy, and engage in active trade, having dealings with the caravans that cross the desert from Morocco. The current coin of the country is the cowrie, a little shell found in the Indian Ocean, whole shiploads of which are brought to the shore, and thence find their way into the interior of the country. At Segou this shell is only used as a kind of petty cash, the real circulating medium being slaves.

“It was at Segou that the celebrated Mungo Park saw the Niger in his first great African journey. He wished to cross the river to visit the king, who upon learning that a white man wanted to see him, immediately sent over one of his chief men to tell him that such a thing was impossible until he knew for what object; and the man advised him to lodge for the night at a distant village, to which he pointed. When he arrived at the village, no one would give him shelter, regarding him with wonder and fear; and all the remaining hours of the day he sat in the shade of a tree, hungry and dispirited. Night drew near, and the wind rose; rain began to fall, and wild beasts to howl. He began to fear he should have to spend the hours of darkness among the branches of the tree which sheltered him; when, just as he had turned his horse loose to graze, a woman, returning



VIEW IN SEGOU.

from the labours of the field, saw him, and observing how weary and dejected he was, inquired the reason. When she learned his condition, she took up his saddle and bridle, and telling him to follow her, led the way to a hut, where she bade him welcome, giving him food to eat, and spreading a mat for him to lie upon. The other females in the hut, after gazing on the stranger with astonishment, resumed their labour, lightening it with a song, which one sung while the others joined in the chorus. The air, said Park, was very sweet and plaintive, and the words—‘The winds roared and the rain fell; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn.’ Then followed the chorus—‘Let us pity the white man, no mother has he.’ The weary traveller was deeply affected by this kindness, so unexpected yet so real.



A BOY OF SEGOU.

“It was here, too, at Segou,” continued the captain, “that in his second expedition to the Niger, Park built a boat with which to explore the whole length

of the great river, but he never accomplished his purpose, for, 500 miles up from the delta of the Niger, where the waters rush through a narrow gorge, at a place named Bussa, he was attacked and killed by the natives. It was not until 1831, twenty-six years after Park's death, that Richard Lander traced the course of the Niger down to the River Nun, one of its branches, by which he entered the Atlantic."

"Now, father, that you have told me about the Niger, I should like to know something about Cape Coast Castle and the town of Elmina, which I believe is still further west."

"Yes; they both lie on the Gold Coast. Elmina is separated from Cape Coast Castle by the Baya, which is simply an arm of the sea, entering at the landing-place and running for some distance parallel with the shore, and only separated from the ocean by a strip of sandy soil. But this strip ends in a rocky promontory or peninsula, and on this stands Fort St. George, while the town occupies another portion. The town is a large one, containing as many as 20,000 inhabitants, but the streets are narrow and crooked, and only a few of the houses built of stone. The native part of the town is by no means an inviting place in which to dwell, for as a rule it is very filthy, the mud huts are far from clean, while pigs and naked children roam about where they please; but from the heights which partly surround it better houses can be seen peeping out from the woods, in which dwell Europeans and the wealthier natives."

"Did the town always belong to the English?"

"No; before even America was discovered by Columbus, the Portuguese founded a settlement there. This

was in the year 1581, but the place had been visited by French merchants from Dieppe and Rouen as early as 1364. Nearly two hundred years after its foundation, the celebrated Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, obtained possession of the place by stratagem, and it was not transferred to the English until as recently as the year 1873. Cape Coast Castle is built in a kind of chasm. A strip of beach fronts it, on which the surf continually breaks. There are hills rising behind, on three of which are smaller forts, one of them answering the purpose of a lighthouse. In the graveyard, or cemetery, close to the castle, is the grave of Miss Landon, "L.E.L." as the world knew her, one of our sweet English poetesses, who was wife to the governor of the fort at the time of her death."

"Is the fort easy to get at from the town?"

"The fort has two approaches, one from the town and the other from the river, the last of which is the more difficult. You cross the Baya by a stone bridge, and then, passing through a small gate, you must climb a tall ladder before you can reach it."

"You were there during the Ashantee war, I think."

"Yes, and volunteered to serve in the Naval Brigade under Captain Freemantle."

"I should like to hear something of the Ashantees."

"The kingdom of Ashantee, like that of Dahomey, lies inland from the Gold Coast. Most of it is but one vast forest of tall and massive trees, laced together by creepers. Overhead the foliage is so thick that the sun's rays cannot penetrate, and the light is nothing better than twilight. There is but little undergrowth, so that it is not difficult to move about, while narrow



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

winding paths connect the different villages, which are usually built on hills, and always close to water. These villages are not permanent, their locality being often changed. The natives make a clearing by cutting down trees; burning the branches, but letting the trunks lie; their crops are then sown in the ashes. In a few years the soil is exhausted, when a new clearing is made. Meanwhile, in the deserted plantation a thick vegetation quickly springs up, so impervious that a way



COOMASSIE.

cannot be made through it except by freely using the knife and axe.

“The king of these Ashantee people is a terrible tyrant. Although on the day he assumes the crown his chiefs tell him that if he does not follow certain laws he shall be dethroned, he is practically without check. His wives are supposed to number 3,333, but many of these do nothing but work in the royal plantations; not one has any political power. The only woman who

can interfere in public matters is the queen-mother, whose rank is higher than all the king's wives. Many are the cruel customs practised in Ashantee. The number of victims killed is extraordinary; the executioners are busy all day collecting them. They usually creep up behind those marked for death and plunge a dagger through both cheeks to prevent them shouting certain words, which, if uttered, save them from death. The victims once collected, are marched through the capital, so that all may see them; they are then led into the presence of the king and hewn to pieces. When a monarch dies, hundreds of people are sacrificed, while young men belonging to the royal house rush through the streets killing whomsoever they meet. There are also a number of personal attendants, known by a special gold badge, who voluntarily slay themselves that they may accompany the soul of their deceased king to the unknown land.

"The Ashantees, like other tribes, believe in the power of the "fetish;" and to propitiate the national fetish, or god, an incredible number of victims are annually offered, to supply which constant raids are made on weaker tribes. Indeed, the Ashantees are one of the most cruel of the West African tribes.

"When the Dutch transferred to the English, in 1873, Cape Coast Castle, King Koffee claimed it as his, and not being able to obtain it, went to war. Some of the tribes nearest to the Ashantee country joined forces with him; and his army was so great and so audacious that it was necessary to prove to him that the game he was playing was extremely hazardous, and however much and loudly he might threaten, Cape Coast Castle was not to be his. War was declared, and

that fine soldier, Sir Garnet Wolseley, appointed commander of the English forces. After a number of petty engagements, it was at length decided to march to Coomassie, and punish the African in his own stronghold. It was a fearful march inland, through forest, jungle, and marsh; though protected from the sun, the heat was almost suffocating, added to which, the march was almost one continuous engagement, and often, too, with an invisible foe. We fought sometimes for an hour or two without seeing an enemy, for they were so skilfully concealed that we could only direct our aim to those parts from whence the shots came. They were not wanting in courage, for we found it no easy matter to drive them back upon their own capital; but the victory of Amoaful, obtained in January 1874, quite broke their forces, and soon after we entered Coomassie."

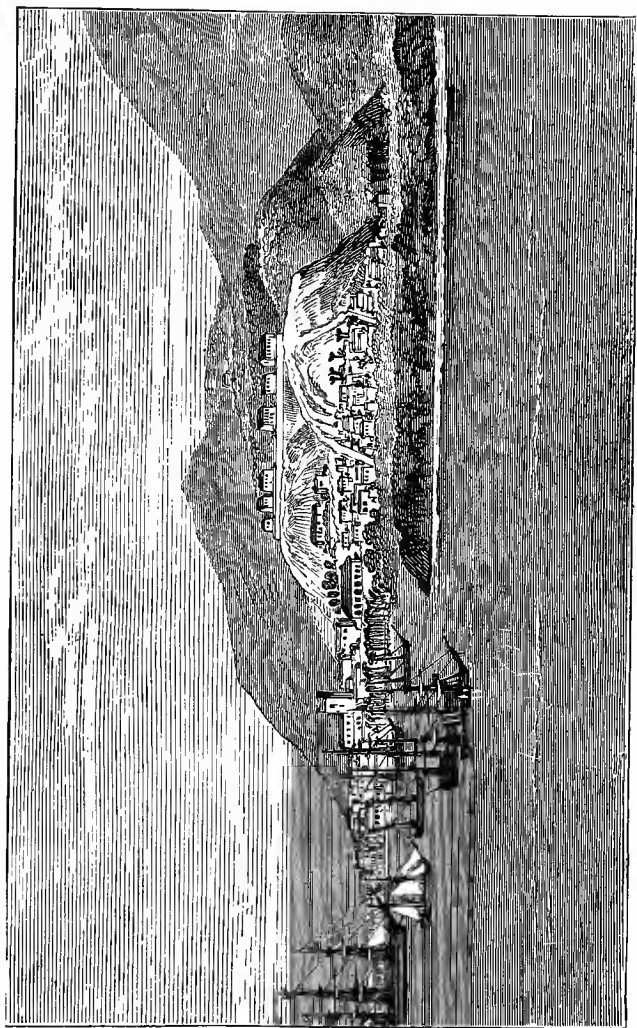
"What sort of place was this Ashantee capital?"

"It was built on the side of a rocky hill, and completely encircled by a dense forest. In circumference it was no less than four miles, and had four principal streets half a mile long, one of them being from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards wide, and each shaded by banyan trees. But never have I been in so terrible a place; the great fetish temple, and the streets themselves, smelt literally of blood. No other word can fully express the peculiar odour pervading the town. This was not only owing to the number of victims constantly slaughtered, but also to the existence on the north of the town of a desolate marsh, where the remains of those unhappy creatures were thrown. The king's palace was a huge place, the central building being of stone. Surrounded by a high wall, it enclosed two or

three small streets, and piazzas for royal recreation. In the various rooms of the palace was found an odd collection of articles—English books, gold masks, swords, fire-arms, and rubbish of all descriptions. In the lower apartments the floors were here and there raised in little hillocks, where people had been buried. In one room was found a collection of umbrellas, among others the one used by the king on great State occasions; this was afterwards presented to Queen Victoria by Sir Garnet Wolseley. With the taking of the capital the campaign was over; and as King Koffee would not venture near to treat for terms, the capital was burnt, and the power of the Ashantees, if not entirely destroyed, was for a long period crippled."

"Now, father," said the boy, after a long silence, during which the boat glided up the river, "I should like to know something of Sierra Leone, which I believe is a little to the south of the river Gambia."

"Yes, you are quite right; three days' run by a steamer along the coast will take any one to Sierra Leone, or, as it is generally called among sailors, the "white man's grave," having derived its latter name from a foul malarious fog—drawn up by the sun after heavy rains—which spreads over the lowlands, breeding fever and death. To the new comer it presents altogether another aspect to that which the "white man's grave" would suggest. As you gaze at the peninsula from the sea, it looks more like an earthly paradise; for the land inclines upward into hills, more than two thousand feet above the sea-level, and covered with woods and tropical vegetation. It was first settled in the year 1787, and in 1808, when the slave trade was abolished, was used as a colony for such unfortunates



SIERRA LEONE.

as were captured from the slavers on the coast; they now form the majority of the population, for there are comparatively few Europeans resident there. Freetown is the principal place on this peninsula, above which, looking down from a hill, stands the Government House; and a little higher still the barracks. Almost every house is surrounded by a beautiful garden, containing such fruits as the citron, the orange, the pomegranate, the pine-apple, banana, cocoa-nut, mango, and various others; indeed, the ground is so fertile that almost anything will grow. For more staple articles of trade, the colony produces rice, pepper, coffee, arrowroot, and palm-oil. In short, if it were not so unhealthy, it would be the most charming place on the coast."

It was in this wise that the captain conversed with his son during their expedition up the Gaboon and their return to their ship. They found that but a small addition had been made to the cargo during their absence; but they decided to stay a week longer, and then if the native traders did not fulfil their promises the cry was to be "Up anchor!"



CHAPTER III.

FROM EAST TO WEST.



Dr. Livingstone—Early Days—Lat-takoo Mission Station—Among the Bakwains—Proofs of Courage—Adventure with a Lion—A Chief and Christianity—Rain-doctors—A Missionary's Day's Work—Journey in the Kalabari Desert—*The Leroshua*—Bosje-nen—The Zonga—Sebituane, the Makololo Chief—Death of Sebituane—The Zambesi—The Makololo—The Chobe—Sekeletu—Journey to Loanda—St. Paul de Loanda—Smoke-resounding

Falls—Journey to Tette—Quillimane—Exploring the River Shire—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—Lost to the World—Reported Death of Livingstone—Stanley meets Livingstone—On Lake Tanganyika—Illness and Death of Livingstone—Burial—Stanley's Expedition—Nyangivé—The Pagan Forest—Cannibals—A Fighting Journey—A Brave Chief—Netting Meat—Down the Lualaba—Desperate Fighting—Rescuing a Follower—Uledi—An Aquatic Battle—Cameron's Expedition—Mparamasi Tree—Mpwapwa—The Ugogo Country and People—Urua and People—A Strange Deity—A King's Bedroom and Burial—King Kasongo—Lake Villages—Legend of Lake Kassali—Villagers and friendly Lions—A Leprous Village—Horrors of Slavery—Lovaee—At Bihl—Benguella.



ONE of the best known and most illustrious of modern African travellers was the late Dr. Livingstone. His adventures read like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights," while they have increased



ROUND AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

EGYPT AND THE BARBARY STATES.

Hymn to the Nile—Alexandria—Sail up the Nile—Night and Singing on the Nile—Cairo—Story of the Mamelukes—Pyramids and Sphinx—Story of some Mummies—Suez—Thebes and its Ruins—Boulak—Shrines—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker—Mutiny Quelled—Latooka Tribe—The Obbo Chief and the Horse—On the Victoria Nile—Murchison Falls—Lake Albert N'Yanza—Incidents in Slavery—Sword Hunters—Tunis—Bardo, Sfax, and Susa—The Holy City—Building a Mosque—Bey of Tunis—Algeria—Algerine Rovers—Seven poor Captives—Bombardment of Algiers—French Occupation—The Sheikh and his House—Constantine—Arabs—Lion of Algeria—Morocco—Tangiers—Burial Place—Fez—Women of Morocco.



WHAT a crowd of pleasing associations the word Egypt recalls to the mind even of the young! The land of that wonderful Nile river, whose sources remained hidden for so many centuries in the

our geographical knowledge, opened up portions of the great African continent before unknown to Europeans, and made a pathway for the spread of civilisation and Christianity. His coolness and presence of mind in danger, his courage and power of endurance; the tact, kindness and firmness exhibited in his intercourse with friendly or hostile natives, have made his name revered and honoured in England, and gained for him a place in the affections of the benighted African such as no traveller ever before won.

Little did the "factory hands" at the old Blantyre Cotton Works, standing on the banks of the river Clyde just above Glasgow, ever imagine that the quiet, industrious lad called "Davie," working in their midst, would one day attain to world-wide fame, and find a final resting-place among the illustrious dead of his country; but such indeed was to be his destiny.

At the age of ten, Livingstone commenced to work as "piecer." His hours of labour were long, beginning at six in the morning and lasting till eight in the evening, and one would suppose left little time for self-improvement; but the desire for knowledge was strong in the lad, and he stole hours which should have been devoted to sleep to the acquiring of useful information. With part of his first week's wage he purchased a book, "The Rudiments of Latin," and, with the steady earnestness which characterised all his actions, commenced the study of that language. At work, his studies were not neglected. Placing his book on the "spinning jenny," he would read sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro, and so imprint them on his memory as never to forget them. The noise, stir, and bustle in the mill never apparently disturbed him;

for he had the power of abstracting and concentrating his thoughts so as to be indifferent to what was going on around.

When Davie attained to the dignity of "cotton spinner" he found the labour severe, but endured it



DR. LIVINGSTONE.

willingly, as he earned good money ; by carefully saving which he was enabled during the winter months to attend the Greek, divinity, and medical classes at the Glasgow University. His home training had been deeply religious, and as he grew older his religious convictions

strengthened and deepened ; so that it is no wonder that he resolved to become a missionary to the heathen, and devote life and energies to the welfare of those who sat in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. With this object, in the year 1838, he presented himself for examination before the directors of the London Missionary Society ; by them he was approved, and sent to the training college at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. In 1840 he left England for Cape Town.

The station to which the young missionary was appointed was that founded thirty years before by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat, called Kuruman, or Lattakoo, and was about seven hundred miles inland from Cape Town. A long and toilsome journey was necessary before reaching it, through tangled forests, over desolate and barren wastes, rugged hills, and rocky ravines, beneath the burning tropical sun, and surrounded by fierce and savage beasts of prey ; but at the end a sight met the traveller which amply repaid all privation and danger. There stood the mission-house, surrounded by its neatly-kept garden, stocked with fruits and vegetables ; there stood the church, solidly built of stone, and the cottages and huts of the natives, while over all reigned an air of peace and contentment. This is what the labours of the devoted missionaries had effected during all the years they had been exiles from their own native land.

After a short stay at Lattakoo, Livingstone pushed farther into the wilds of the African continent, with the object of founding a new mission station. He went northward as far as the country of the Bachuena or Bakwains, a section of the great Bechuana nation. Settling at a spot called Lepelole, so called after a cavern

of that name, he devoted some time to studying the native language, and then made a journey still farther northward to the Bakáa Mountains. Only one European, a trader, had ever before penetrated so far ; and when it was understood that Livingstone meant to undertake the journey on foot, the natives laughed at him, saying, " See, he is not strong, he is quite thin, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers) ; he will soon knock up." But when they found that he kept them at the top of their speed for days together, they changed their opinion as to the prowess of the white man.

Livingstone was a man of undoubted courage, and during his adventurous life gave many proofs of intrepidity in times of danger. On one occasion, a party of natives were travelling with an ox-waggon about ten miles from his house, when a rhinoceros charged into their midst, driving his horn into the body of the driver. A messenger was immediately sent for the missionary, who, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, mounted his horse, and, in the darkness of the night, rode in all haste to the scene of the accident. But the wounded man was dead, and there was nothing to be done but to ride back again through the forest, risking attacks from the fierce animals whose cries could be heard on every side.

The Bakatla tribe was troubled by lions, who at night leaped into the cattle-pens, and even by day would sometimes attack the herds. Great was the consternation of the natives, who firmly believed that a neighbouring tribe had given them into the power of these merciless animals. Their attacks upon them were feeble and half-hearted, so that hitherto the lions had

come off victors. Livingstone now came to their aid, and the cry was—

“Mount! mount for the hunting! the lion is near!
The cattle and herdsmen are quaking with fear.
Call the dogs! light the torches! away to the glen!
If needs be, we’ll beard the fierce brute in his den.”

“They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters, at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Mebalwe, a native school-master, who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done. The circle re-formed, having yet within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again; and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations.

“But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party was going round the end of a hill on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting upon a piece of rock, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat, and wish them ‘Good-day.’ It was about thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into the little bush behind which the creature was. ‘He is shot! He is shot!’ is the joyful cry, and the

people are about to rush in ; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger. He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another fire,



DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION.

when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground, of two

glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face ; a momentary anguish, as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier ; then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening.

“Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and, turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature’s eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh. Another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder ; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his huge frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side dead. All this occurred in a few moments ; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant’s arm, and crushed the bone ; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on, wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion’s teeth, and so preserved him from much after-suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten and had not this protection.”

It is impossible for us to touch upon every incident in the life of this great missionary and traveller, whose

great aim throughout his career was the spread of the Gospel, and to this end all his discoveries were subservient. "The end of geographical discovery," he said, "was the spread of the Gospel;" and well and heroically he toiled to realise this idea. For years he laboured among the Bakwains, at Chonuane, whose chief was a man of great intelligence, who when he embraced Christianity wanted to make his subjects converts by thrashing them with whips of rhinoceros hide; but being persuaded to relinquish this arbitrary method, he spent a great portion of his time in expounding the new doctrines, so that his people might understand the nature of the religion he wished them to embrace. The habits and customs of the natives, however, were in direct opposition to the precepts of Christianity; so that at first but slow progress was made. But by his unvarying kindness Livingstone won their respect, love, and obedience, and they listened to his words as to those of a faithful friend. The "rain-doctors" were greatly opposed to the missionary; they saw that their importance would be lost if the new creed gained ground. They were cunning men, and could tell by signs in the heavens when rain was likely to come, and usually prophesied at the right time, while they said the prayers of the Christian never made a drop to fall. Even the chief confessed that he found it difficult to give up his belief in their power; but when it was pointed out to him that a residence near some great river would enable his people to irrigate their gardens, and thus provide against seasons of drought, he removed to the banks of the river Kolobeng, forty miles away; and with Livingstone's help, and under his directions, canals and a dam for irrigating were made.

In one of his books Livingstone gives us an account

of a missionary's day's work at this station of Kolobeng. "We rose early," he says, "because, however hot the day, the evening was deliciously refreshing. You can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast, between six and seven, we kept school—men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights of the week, and on another, instruction in secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties, we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food for the poor."

It was from Kolobeng that Livingstone started, in the year 1849, with two white companions, Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, to cross the great Kalahari Desert, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact position of Lake Ngami. A long and toilsome journey it proved. Sekómi, chief of the Bamangwáto, through whose lands they were compelled to pass, would give them no assistance; he was afraid, he said, of incurring the enmity of the Makololo, but really because he did not wish the white man to know how prolific the lake country was in

ivory. In spite of this, however, the travellers set out, undaunted by the perils which awaited them. Their way lay through a flat sandy country, open forests, bush and grass lands ; and then came a soil of soft white sand, into which the wheels sunk so deep that the wearied oxen found it difficult work to move the waggons. Water became scarce, while the fierce beams of the sun poured down on the sand, burning the feet if they rested too long in one place. Thirst was felt by all. In vain the eye roved over the barren waste in search of water ; nothing rewarded the effort, and the weary travellers toiled on, with parched tongue and hanging heads, feeling life to be indeed an irksome burden. Search was made for the *leroshua*, a small plant with long narrow leaves, and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill, but at the root of which is a tuber as large as an infant's head, and filled with a pulpy mass of cellular tissue containing a sweet fluid delightfully cool and refreshing. Sometimes the search was rewarded by finding the *kengwe*, or water-melon, which proves equally welcome and refreshing. Whole tracts of the desert in certain parts are covered with this plant, to which wild animals of all kinds resort, to enjoy a repast of juicy richness which the absence of water makes doubly precious.

There are a few human inhabitants in this desert, the most degraded of all African tribes, who burrow in the sand or hide in holes of the rocks, or in wretched huts made of grass and vegetable fibres. These are called Bosjemen, or Bushmen, being small of stature, and finding a precarious subsistence in the carcases, often putrid, of animals which die, in insects, roots, or anything that can be eaten. Their language, if such it can be called, consisting of a series of uncouth sounds : a strange, wild people,

apparently more akin to the fierce animals which surround them than to human beings.



A BUSHMAN.

Two months of this weary travelling and Livingstone arrived on the banks of a large and beautiful river,

running north-east, and natives dwelling there informed him that it flows from the great lake, and is called the Zouga ; and shortly after his eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and unbroken expanse of the waters of Lake Ngami.

The people dwelling about this lake called themselves Bayeiys, or "men," but their enemies called them Bakoba, or slaves, because they will not fight. They received the travellers with great friendliness, and answered, as far as they were able, all the questions put to them. Several large rivers had been observed flowing into the lake, which, they said, came from a country full of rivers, and full also of large trees. There lived the warlike Makololo natives—ruled over by a great chief named Sebituane—whom Livingstone greatly desired to visit; but the difficulties in the way were too many for him to surmount at this time, and he was compelled to return to Kolobeng.

In the following year he again set forth, with the purpose of penetrating as far as the Makololo people. This time he was accompanied by his wife and three of his children. In this journey he kept more to the eastward, crossing the Zouga at its lowest extremity. But difficulties again prevented him accomplishing his purpose. He lost many of his oxen, which fell into pits dug to entrap wild animals; then he found he was approaching a part of the country where the dreaded tsetse abounded: "a poisonous fly which stings the cattle so that they lose all power of exertion, become emaciated, and soon die; it abounds chiefly on the banks of rivers, and in most marshy places." Once again did our traveller retrace his steps back to his station, his intentions frustrated,

But the great chief of the Makololo, Sebituane, having heard of Livingstone's attempts to reach him, sent presents of cows to various chiefs, desiring they would do all they could to aid the missionary in his journey to his country. Encouraged by the evident desire manifested by Sebituane that the white man should visit him, our traveller, for the third time, set out, again taking with him his wife and children. And now he was successful. Crossing the Zouga, he soon reached the banks of the Chobe, and in a canoe floated down to the temporary residence of the Makololo chief, who had himself travelled more than one hundred miles to give the missionary a welcome.

This celebrated chief was found by Livingstone encamped upon an island, his principal men seated around him; as the visitor approached a song of welcome was raised. Sebituane received the traveller with every mark of friendliness, promised him cattle to replace those lost by the tsetse fly, and said he would show him his country, that he might select a spot on which to settle. Meantime, an ox and a jar of honey was presented to him, to supply his immediate wants.

Sebituane had acquired great fame as a powerful warrior, always himself leading his men to battle. He never forgave one that fled from the fight, but on reaching home would order him to be brought into his presence, and would then quietly tell him that as he preferred dying at home to being slain in battle he might do so, and the man was led to immediate execution. His life had been one of varied fortune, for he had fought his way from Kuruman to the Makololo country, where he succeeded in conquering all the various tribes of that vast region, and reigning as sole monarch. He had long



DR. LIVINGSTONE AT THE DEATH-BED OF SEBITUANE.

wished to have white men settle in his country, to make himself and his people more powerful; and now, just as his wish was about to be gratified, he fell sick with inflammation of the lungs, brought on by an old wound received in one of his many battles. His sickness proved fatal. Seeing that death was likely soon to ensue, Livingstone wisely refrained from using his own skill on the dying man's behalf, fearing lest his death should be attributed to him.

But, with his son Robert, he paid the dying Sebituane a visit. He found the native doctors gathered around him, hopeful that their enchantments would successfully ward off the fatal blow.

"Come near," said the dying chief to the missionary, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done!"

Livingstone spoke of the hope after death, but was interrupted by the doctors exclaiming, "Sebituane cannot die; speak not of death to him."

The white man stood silently looking on, when the chief noticed that he held his little boy by the hand. He had been pleased with the child, and now, fixing his eyes kindly upon him, said faintly, "Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were the great chief's last words; shortly after, he died. "Never," says Livingstone, "was I so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the other world, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead."

The remains of Sebituane were buried in the cattle-pen, and over and around the spot the cattle were driven for several hours, that no distinguishing mark should be left to tell where the great warrior reposed,

and that no indignity should be offered to the body.

Sebituane was succeeded by his daughter Ma-mochisane, who gave Livingstone permission to visit any part of the country he chose—a privilege of which he was not slow to avail himself; and he carried his explorations more than one hundred miles to the north-east, until he discovered that magnificent river which will ever be associated with his name, the Zambesi. When he first saw its waters it was in the dry season, but even then its breadth at that particular spot was from three to six hundred yards. “It rises annually thirty feet of perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of land adjacent to its banks. At such times the whole basin through which it flows has the appearance of a vast lake, the towns and villages—which are built on the spots which rise here and there above the surrounding level—standing out like islands. On these little hills, and amid the swampy tracts between them, live the Makololo, secured by the nature of the ground from the attacks of enemies, against whom, in the higher and more healthy districts, there is no such defence.”

The natives spend their time in war, in hunting the elephant and hippopotamus, in fishing, or in shooting the birds which abound in the woods and swamps. Launching their canoes on the broad rivers, they engage in conflict with the dreaded crocodile. At night they gather round the fire, and boast of their gallant exploits. Upon the women devolve the tillage of the ground, the cultivation of maize and cotton, yams and pumpkins; but the labour required is not heavy, for a great deal is left to nature; the heat and moisture of the ground

stimulating the growth, so that they have only to sow and gather.

But in these marshy districts fever proved a deadly foe, especially to strangers; so that Livingstone was fearful if he effected a settlement here it would prove hazardous to the health, if not the lives, of his wife and family. He therefore conveyed them to Cape Town, that they might embark for England, while he himself turned his back on friends and civilisation, and once more plunged into the depths of the untrodden African wilds.

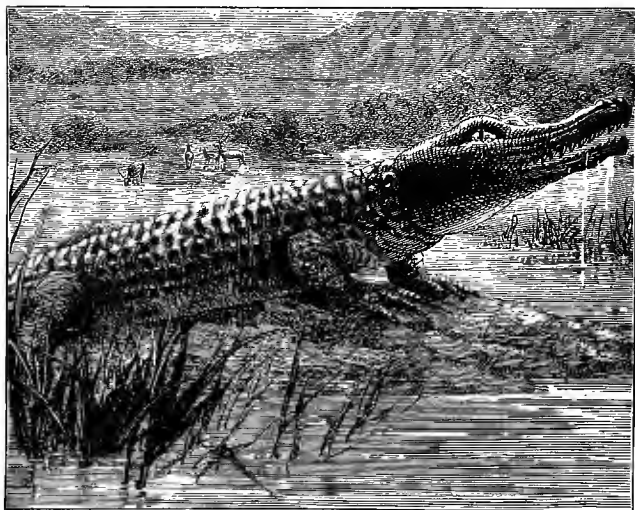
When Livingstone again saw the waters of the Chobe it was at the time of its annual overflow. The whole country round was flooded, so that it was impossible to find a pathway through the watery wilderness for his waggons. Many of his men were down with fever, the destructive tsetse fly had destroyed several of his oxen, and his Bushmen guides had deserted him. Leaving his goods behind, he launched his canoe, and with but one follower endeavoured to strike the main channel of the river, and so make his way to the Makololo chief's residence. It proved an adventure of no small danger, and the difficulties he had to surmount would have daunted a less resolute man. Frequently he found himself compelled to wade along with the water up to his neck; the brambles tore his body, while a serrated kind of grass, whose edges were as keen as that of a razor, cut his clothes into ribbons. Reaching the village of Moremi, he was there recognised, and the tidings forwarded to the chief, who immediately sent a party to convey him to Linyante, the principal town of the country. The waggons which had been left behind were speedily taken to pieces and lashed to canoes; the oxen were made to swim, while the



A RHINOCEROS CHARGING THE HUNTERS.

natives guided them by keeping by their side. All the inhabitants of Linyante turned out to welcome the traveller, and to behold such a wonderful sight as a waggon in motion.

The new chief of Makololo was the son of Livingstone's former friend, Sebituane. The daughter had resigned her power to her brother Sekeletu, who pro-



AN AFRICAN CROCODILE.

fessed a great regard for the missionary, but would hear nothing concerning his Gospel, as he had no desire to change his heart and abolish the old customs of his people. He, however, allowed him to hold religious services in his kotla, or hut, to which the people were summoned to attend. Finding no present prospect of founding a mission station among the Makololo, Living-

stone, accompanied by Sekeletu and many under-chiefs, departed from Linyante to make further explorations of the Zambesi river. Never before had he passed through a country so teeming with animal life—countless herds of the graceful antelope, the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, rivers with the huge hippopotamus and the scaly alligator, and trees thronged with varieties of the monkey tribe, and birds of all sizes and colours. At every village the cavalcade halts, and the chief is welcomed with shrill cries of “Great lion! mighty chief! sleep, my lord!” while beer and milk in abundance are brought forth to refresh himself, his white friend, and his followers.

In November, 1853, Livingstone left the town of Linyante to find his way to the Portuguese settlement of Loanda, on the western coast. A long and toilsome journey it proved. Pathless forests were traversed, through which a road had to be cut with axes; and rivers infested with hippopotami, swimming lazily about, with their enormous snouts just above the water, to be navigated.

These animals are, when not molested usually harmless, with the exception of the old males which are expelled from the community and doomed to lead a solitary life. To come upon one of the former class proves dangerous, for it rushes open-mouthed at everything, and has been known to rend a canoe to pieces with its enormous jaws. The crocodile and alligator, which the natives will sometimes attack by diving beneath them and plunging their knives upwards into their bodies, proved only too plentiful on the voyage. Huge trees grew on the very edge of the river's bank, from which gaily-plumaged birds sang to the passing

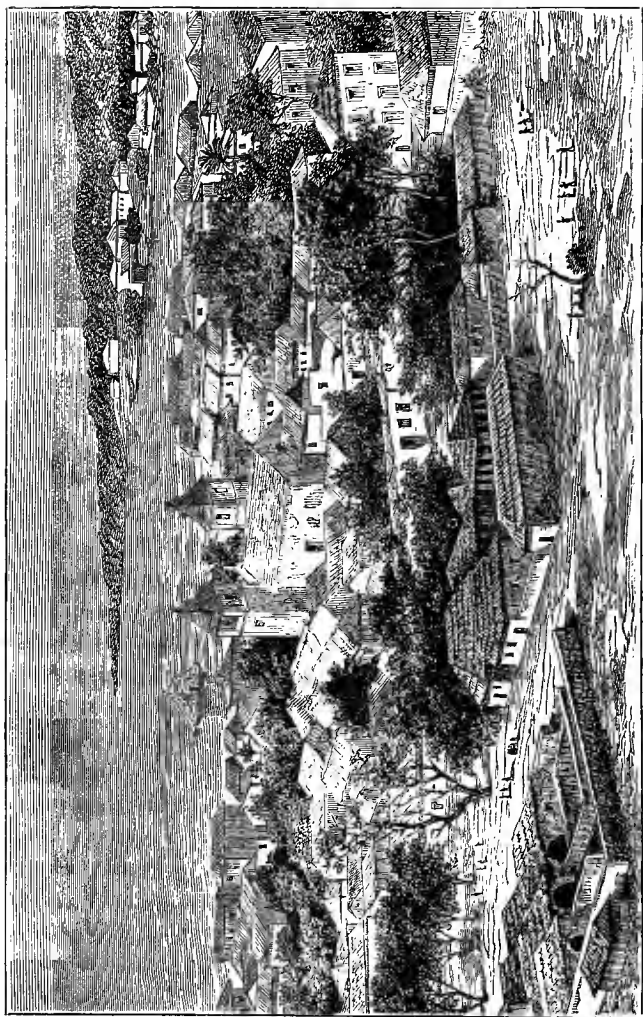
strangers. From the overhanging branches huge lizards were seen basking in the warm sunshine, and as the canoes approached they fell into the water with a splash, to be speared and eaten as a great delicacy by the natives. At the villages on the route they met with a friendly reception, and presents were made of oxen, with the singular saying, "Here is a bit of bread for you." After leaving the noble Zambesi at its confluence with the Leeambye, they pursued their journey up the latter river to the north-west, while the rain poured down upon them for days and weeks in such torrents as can only be seen in a tropical country. Opposite to a Balonda village they left the river, and continued the journey by land to the town of the greatest of the Balonda chiefs, Shinte. Manenko, a female chief, led the way on foot, followed by Livingstone, seated upon the back of an ox. Again the forest was so dense that a pathway had to be cut before progress could be made, while the rain still poured un pityingly down, and the travellers, wet to the skin, looked weary and miserable. Food was scarce; the inhabitants of the villages they were then passing through were niggardly in their gifts. Great was the reception met with at Shinte's capital. Livingstone was the first white man the chief had ever seen, and he welcomed him seated on a throne covered with a leopard skin, and was dressed in a check jacket, a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green, with strings of coloured beads round his neck, and thick and heavy copper armlets and bracelets on his arms and wrists, while beads covered his helmet, in which was stuck a great bunch of goose feathers.

Still on and on the traveller wended his way, through valley and forest, over mountain and stream. Strange

people were met, and stranger still were most of their customs. Sometimes the valleys proved so deeply flooded that in wading across, the water reached to the chin, and at times it was even necessary to hang on to the oxen's tails. But in spite of all dangers, privations, hunger, thirst, and fever, the long-wished-for Loanda was at last gained, just seven months after starting from Linyante.

St. Paul de Loanda is the capital of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, once a great African kingdom, called Abonda, and is situated in a beautiful bay. At the back is a line of low sandy cliff, which at its southern end terminates in a bold point, on which stands the fort of San Miguel. The town is divided into the lower and upper, the former of which is built on the flat sandy ground, while the latter stands on the cliff above. The houses are commodious, and well built of stone. The principal street runs through the whole length of the town, and in the centre on either side has banyan trees, beneath the shade of which a market of cloth and dry goods is held every day. The general market is held in a large square at the back of the Custom-house, where almost every kind of article, either for use or ornament, can be bought. Most of the vendors are women, who, for protection from the sun, wear straw hats with immensely broad brims. Two roads lead from the lower to the upper town, in which are the public offices, the governor's palace, the barracks, and the prison. Inland, the country is dotted with plantations and country houses. From the bay the town presents a very pleasing and picturesque scene.

Here, then, for many weeks did the weary traveller find rest and repose for his body, enfeebled with toil and



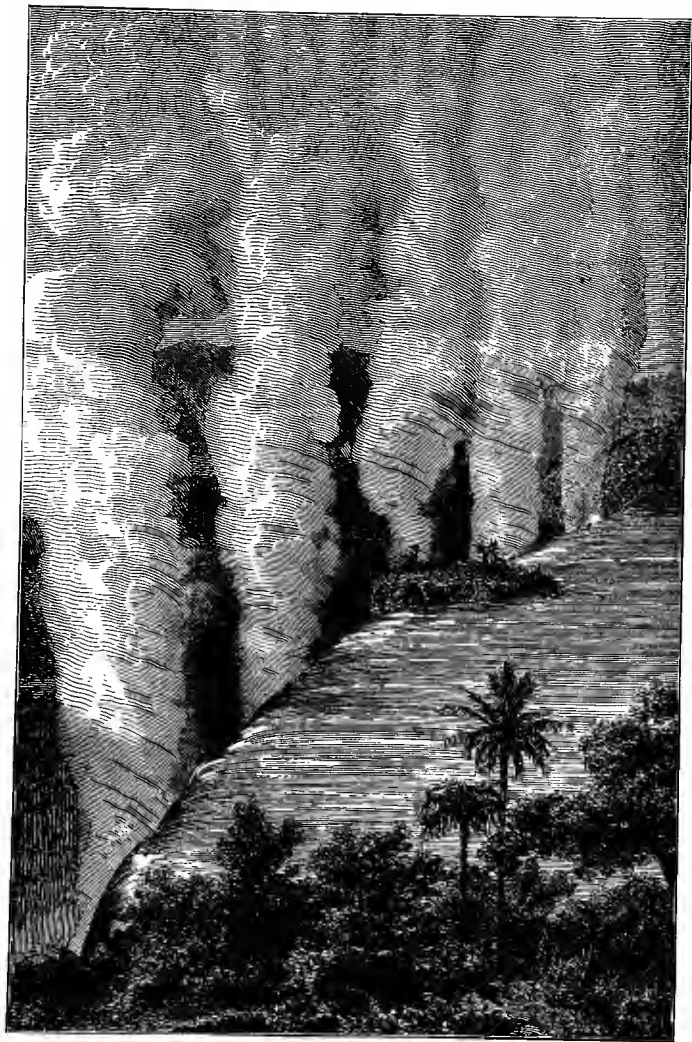
ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

fever; here did his faithful followers walk about, eyeing with amazement a scene so novel and new to their limited experience—the houses, the ships, the cannon, all yielding food for wonder.

Although strongly urged to recruit his shattered health by a voyage to St. Helena, Livingstone determined to return with his devoted Makololo followers to Linyante, which, after many perils and hardships, he reached in August of 1855, but only to turn his steps eastward towards Tette—the furthest inland Portuguese station—or Zanzibar, on the Mozambique Channel. With all his wants abundantly supplied by the friendly chief Sekeletu, he set out for this great journey in November of the same year, and after a fortnight's laborious travelling approached the celebrated Mosi-oa-tunya, or "Smoke-resounding," Falls of the Zambesi, which rival in grandeur those of Niagara.

"After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai," says Livingstone, "we came in sight for the first time of the columns of vapour, appropriately called 'smoke,' rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous

arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside a group of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream, in the eddies and still places caused by the many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. Creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream 1,000 yards broad leaped down 100 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock,



THE SMOKE-RESOUNDING FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. In looking into the fissure on the right side of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the

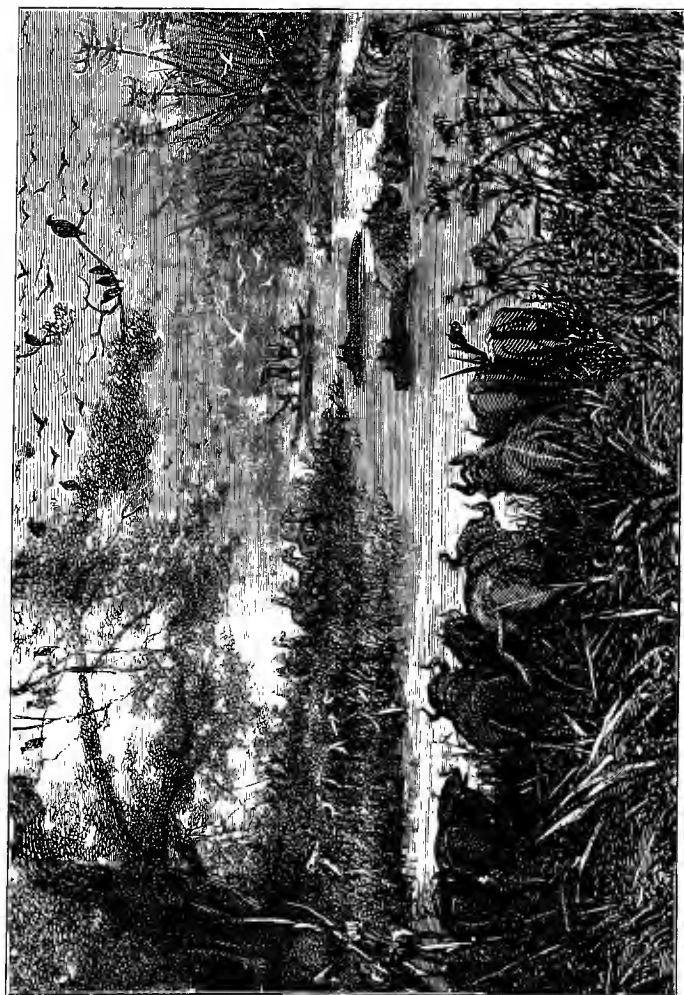


THE DANGERS OF AFRICAN BUFFALO-HUNTING.

spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour, exactly like steam, and it mounted 200 or 300 feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which wetted us to our skin."

Such are the great "Smoke-resounding" Falls, one of the great marvels of the world of nature; and the truthfulness of the description of Dr. Livingstone has since been confirmed by that energetic Portuguese traveller, Major Pinto, who, in his adventurous journey across Africa, travelled over a great deal of the same country as that first revealed to English readers by Livingstone.

Leaving these stupendous falls, and the valley in which the Lekone flows, at the village of Moyara, Livingstone directed his course more to the north-east, over a rough and rocky soil, and through a tract of country once thickly populated, but now bare and desolate from constant wars, then across treeless undulating plains, where the tuskless elephant and large herds of buffalo are seen. Here, too, is heard the singular whistle of the honey-guide, which sounds like "Come and see! come and see!" And if one follows it, as it slowly flies away, he is soon brought to some hollow tree in which wild bees have stored up their honey. Now the ruins of large and depopulated towns were seen, which most likely the slave-trader had stormed in the night, and presently they came to where the natives were in rebellion, and feared an attack; but beyond these the Batoka or Batonga people were quite friendly, and hailed with loud shouts the appearance of the first white man that had ever visited their country, and saluted him by throwing themselves on their backs, rolling in the dust, and slapping their thighs, exclaiming "*Kina bomba.*" Thus onward, ever onward, with varied fortune, the noble traveller pushed with his sable attendants, until on March 3rd, 1856, Tette was reached, and he was hospitably received by the Portuguese commandant.



AN AFRICAN RIVER SCENE.

The following month Livingstone started for Quillimane, on the east coast, which is generally recognised as the capital of the Portuguese territory of Mozambique, although little better than a village, built upon a mud-bank and surrounded by mango bush and marsh; a most unhealthy spot for Europeans, who soon suffer from an attack of African fever, which but too often proves fatal. This place was gained at the end of May, and after six weeks' weary waiting, H.M. brig *Frolic* arrived in the harbour and conveyed the brave missionary to the Mauritius, there to recruit his shattered strength.

In the year 1858, Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by his brother Charles and Dr. Kirk, was again in Africa, this time for the purpose of exploring the great Zambesi river, which he entered by the Kongone, one of the four mouths by which the Zambesi pours its waters into the Indian Ocean. At Tette he was again joined by his faithful Makololo, who rushed into the water to embrace him, and exclaimed, "We shall sleep now he has come back."

Ascending the Zambesi to the Kebrabasa rapids, Livingstone turned aside to explore one of its many tributaries called the Shire, which had never yet been navigated by Europeans because of the difficulties to be encountered, and of the hostility of the natives living on its banks—a savage and bloodthirsty tribe called the Manganja, who used poisoned arrows, both in hunting their game and in warfare. No less than three attempts did the great traveller make to navigate this river in his little steamer, at which a crocodile would sometimes rush with open jaws, thinking no doubt that it was some great beast. In his second trip he dis-

covered Lake Shirwa, and in his third the great Nyassa Lake. Very fruitful are the banks of the Shire; here orange and lemon trees grow wild, the pine-apple, and others, such as the palm and acacia. Game, too, is abundant, antelopes, monkeys, rhinoceri, and elephants; at one spot no less than a herd of 800 of these latter gigantic creatures were seen from the vessel's deck. Pythons, too, twined among the branches, and buffaloes charged furiously the men cutting wood. No less plentiful were the birds which hovered in the air or settled on the trees and ground, and so various that the mere enumeration would prove no easy task. Sailing on Lake Nyassa, what was thought to be a dense fog was entered, but proves to be a cloud of midges, or gnats, by the natives called *kungo*. "They fill the air to an immense height, and swarmed upon the waters in countless millions." These insects are gathered by the people, made into cakes, and eaten as food.

Various were the adventures and peoples met with by the Doctor, as, leaving the exploration of the Zambesi, he conveyed his faithful Makololo to their own country; and it was on his return from this long expedition that he encountered the noble Bishop Mackenzie, with his band of workers, who were about to found mission stations among the Shire and Lake Nyassa tribes, but nearly all of whom were struck down by death before they could accomplish their purpose. Soon after the Doctor's wife fell a victim to fever, and slept her last sleep on the eve of the Sabbath of April 27th, 1862. She rests beneath the shade of a great baobab tree at Shupanga. A white cross is planted on her grave, which can be seen from the waters of the Zambesi. Then dysentery and fever attacked nearly the whole of the members of the

expedition, even the Doctor himself, who was reduced to almost a shadow. When in some measure recovered, and still vigorously prosecuting his work, the Home Government ordered the expedition to be abandoned; so from Zanzibar, where he resided for a time, he embarked on a little steamer which had been sent out from England, and named *Lady Nyassa*, and started for Bombay on the 30th of April, 1864.

Not for long did Livingstone rest; he felt his work was not yet accomplished. Africa must again be visited, and its wonders explored. Thus, in 1865, for the third and last time, he plunged into its wild recesses, and became lost to the eyes of all. "His object now was to proceed as nearly parallel as possible to the course of the Rovuma, to reach the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and ascertain whether this and Lake Tanganyika (known to exist in a north-westerly direction) joined waters. From thence he would endeavour to extend his explorations northwards on the chain of lakes, working upwards towards the Nile sources."

The last letter received from him at the Foreign Office was dated May 18th, 1866. He had crossed the Rovuma at a place called Ngomano, 300 miles inland, where the Loendi, coming from the mountains to the east of Lake Nyassa, joins the first-mentioned river. Here he stayed for some time with a friendly chief. Beyond this point no white man had ever yet penetrated, and to do so at this time was dangerous, as all the country round about was overrun by the Mafiti. But the Doctor resolved to push on, although many of his party deserted him, fearful of the perils which awaited them among such hostile natives. But no news arrived, and his friends began to grow anxious. Sud-

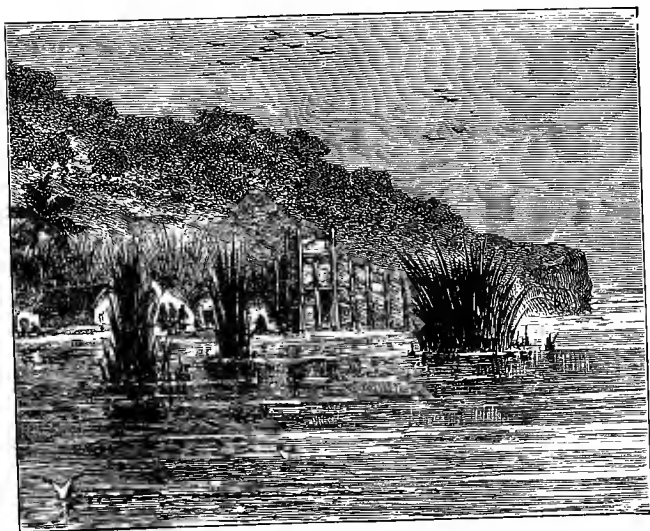
denly his Johanna men made their appearance in Zanzibar with the report of their leader's death.

Their report was that the Doctor was marching at the head of his party, when he was suddenly attacked by a band of the Mafite, armed with axes and broad-bladed spears, and Livingstone received a blow on the back of the neck, which nearly severed the head from his body, and he fell dead. The Johanna men threw down their burdens, and hid themselves in the thickets. One, Moosa, being close at hand behind a tree, watched the foe partially strip the dead body, and when all was safe called his countrymen around him. With their sticks they dug a shallow grave in the sand, where they buried the remains of the great traveller, and then hastened to flee from the spot.

Many believed this story, but others entertained grave doubts on the subject, and cherished hopes that the Doctor was still alive. Inquiries were at once set on foot to confirm either the truth of the report or its falsehood, but no tidings of a satisfactory nature could be obtained. A search expedition was organised, commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, and at Lake Nyassa news of the missing traveller was at last gained, which entirely demolished the Johanna men's story. Then succeeded another long silence, broken at last by Dr. Kirk, who had received news of Livingstone from an Arab. So the months and years went on, long periods of silence, now and again broken by rumours and letters, until it was finally known that the Doctor was at Ujiji, near Lake Tanganyika, but in a condition approaching destitution, as he had been plundered of his goods. An expedition for his relief was immediately set on foot by the Royal Geographical Society, but when

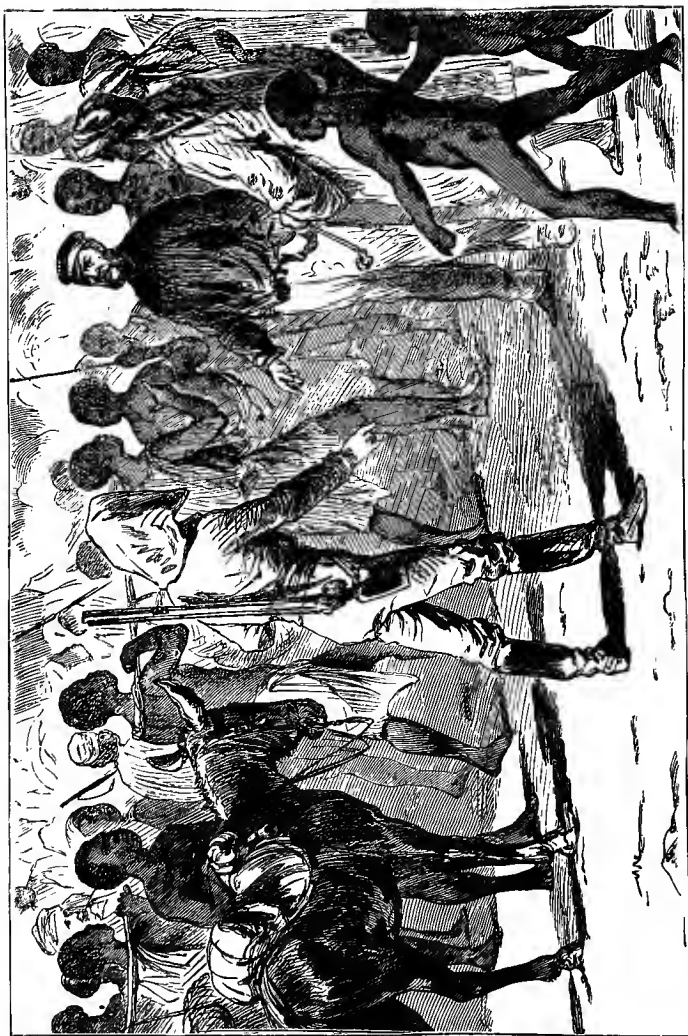
it reached Zanzibar, news arrived that Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of an American paper, had succeeded in finding and relieving him.

Mr. Stanley has told the story of his search for Livingstone in a manly and straightforward manner: how, as he approached nearer and nearer to the end of his difficult and toilsome journey, his heart was gladdened



ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANKS OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.

by reports of the Doctor still being alive; until at last, on the morning of Friday, the 10th of November, 1871, when within a few hundred yards of Ujiji, surrounded by a curious crowd, he suddenly heard a voice say, "Good morning, sir!" and turning, beheld a man arrayed in a long white shirt, with a turban around his



MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

woolly head. "Who the mischief are you?" is his inquiry. "I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone." "What! is Dr. Livingstone here?" "Yes, sir." "In this village?" "Yes, sir." "Are you sure?" "Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

Now another voice is heard, saying, "Good morning, sir!" which proves to be that of Chumah, another of the Doctor's servants.

One can imagine the feelings of the adventurous correspondent as he commands his people to halt, that he may be the first to greet the Doctor. "I pushed back the crowds," he says, "and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

"I replaced my hat on my head, and he put on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud—

"'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

“He answered, ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’”

After an introduction to the principal Arabs standing around, the two white men, so far away from all civilisation and friends, seat themselves beneath the verandah of Livingstone’s house. Then follows a long conversation, in the which one conveys the news of events which had transpired in Europe, while the other gives a brief account of his many and toilsome journeys, of the discoveries he has made, and the dangers and privations incurred.

Several days of pleasant intercourse passed between Livingstone and the American. The heart of the great traveller was cheered by the knowledge that he had not been wholly forgotten by the world which he had left for so long. His spirits revived, his health and strength became restored, and he looked forward to the prosecution of fresh exploits in the field of geographical discovery. He was asked whether he did not feel a desire to revisit his own country, and take a little rest after his six years of explorations. “I would like very much to go home,” he replied, “and see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken, when it is so nearly completed. . . . Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?”

After a ten days’ sojourn at Ujiji, the two travellers set forth to explore the northeru half of Lake Tanganyika; and with one canoe pushed out into the lake, following for a time its eastern coast-line. The scenery is described as being both beautiful and varied. “Lofty mountains rising abruptly from the water’s edge, broad



“A SHALLOW STREAM SWARMING WITH CROCODILES.”



THE LAST FEW MILES OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

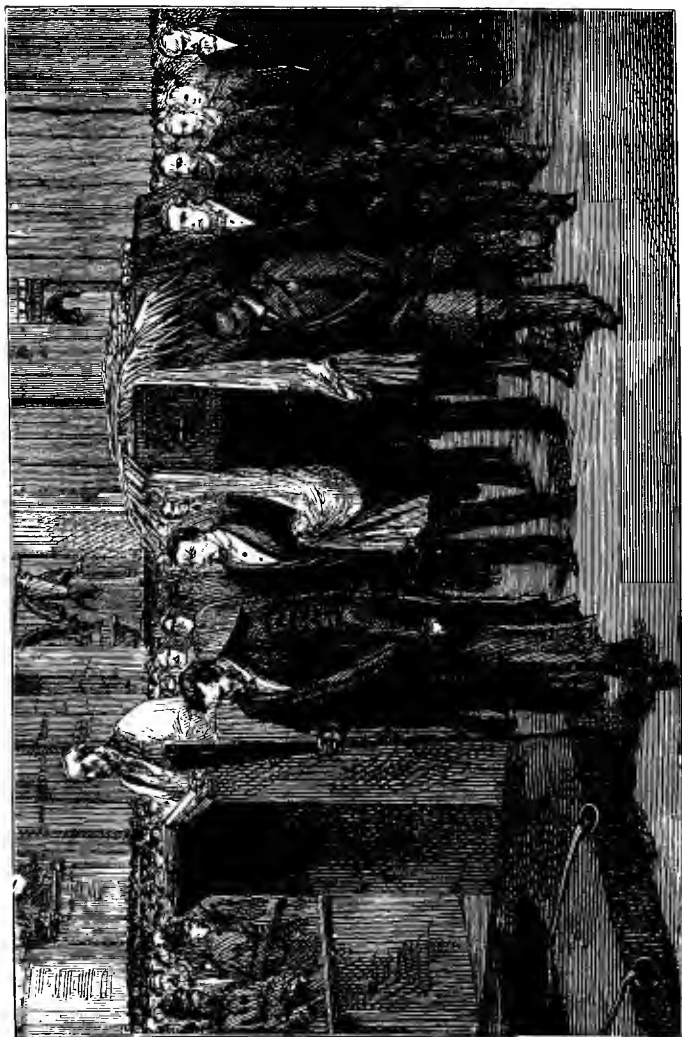
swampy morasses covered with tall reeds and grass, far-stretching plains dotted with villages amid groups of palms and plantains, strips of sandy beach that glistened in sunshine—such were the pictures presented to the travellers' view as they glided day by day over the still water of the lake." The object of the expedition having been accomplished, by ascertaining that the river Rusiza had no outlet into Baker's Albert Nyanza Lake, but flowed into that of Tanganyika, and was a somewhat shallow stream swarming with crocodiles, the head of the canoe was turned southward, and they reached the port of Ujiji in December.

Livingstone accompanied Stanley on his homeward march as far as Unyanyembe, where, after receiving fresh stores and an additional number of followers, he bade him farewell, and turned his steps towards the south of Lake Tanganyika. It was the last white man the heroic traveller was ever destined to see; he was now on his last expedition. Weak and ailing in body, the hardships now to be encountered were to tell fatally upon his constitution. Reaching Lake Bemba, a long detour was made, as it was found impossible to follow the borders because of innumerable creeks and streams hidden by dense vegetation. When the lake was again struck, the opposite shores were gained by means of canoes, which they were obliged to seize from the natives, who were unwilling to lend them. While passing through the country of Ukabende the Doctor's strength gave way, and he was obliged to confess that he could not continue his explorations; he must return to Ujiji to recruit his health. Soon he was compelled to give up walking and take to riding a donkey. Even this mode of travelling became too laborious, and his

attendants constructed for him a native bedstead, a *kitinda*, in which he was carried to his last halting-place. Now followed a long and weary journey, through forests and dreary morasses, beneath the burning sun and in drenching rain. His Nassick boys were very attentive to him, and exhibited a care and devotion beyond praise. "If one of them were ill," they said, "in the course of their journeyings, he always waited for him; but when he himself fell ill or weak, he would push forward and never think of stopping." So now they tried their best to repay their good master's kindness.

Arrived at Ilala, the party were refused permission to remain, and were compelled to retrace their steps towards Kabende. Here the doctor could proceed no farther; he refused all food, and suffered great pain; he frequently prayed, and desired to be alone. So a rude hut was erected, and fenced round to secure privacy and protection. "I shall never cross the high hills to Katanda," he said to Majwara; and remarked to Susi, "I shall never see my river again." They hovered round the hut, silently awaiting the end, only once a day looking in at the door to say "Yambo, bana,"—"Good morning." So quietly and peacefully did he draw his last breath that they knew not for a time that he was dead. One, drawing near, touched his face, and knew then that the end had come. This was on the night of May 4th, 1873, eight years from the time he last landed on African soil.

His brave followers, being now sure that their great leader was dead, determined to carry the body to Zanzibar. The internal parts were removed, placed in a box, and buried at the foot of a great tree, one of the men



FUNERAL OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

reading the burial service from Livingstone's own Prayer Book. The body was then exposed to the sun for several days, and when it was thoroughly dry, wrapped closely in bark, and after many adventures, conveyed safely to Zanzibar. Here it was shipped for England, and in due time landed at Southampton. The ships in the port hoisted their flags half-mast high, the shops were closed, and the blinds of private houses drawn, while the bells of the churches tolled, as the body of the great traveller was received on his native shores.

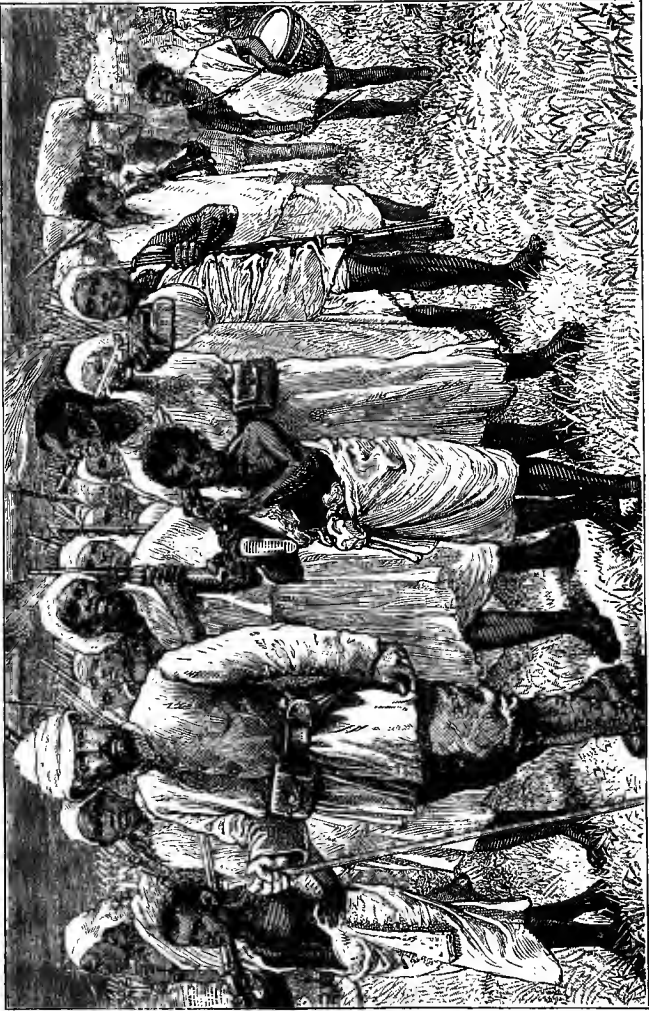
An examination at the Royal Geographical Society's rooms proved beyond question that the remains were those of Livingstone; and on Saturday, April the 18th, 1874, they were buried in Westminster Abbey. Crowds of people thronged the streets to see the funeral procession pass. The pall-bearers were men who had been with him in Africa—Sir Thomas Steele, Oswell, Dr. Kirk, Horace Waller, Young, Stanley, and Jacob Wainwright, one of the faithful band of Nassick boys. Besides the children of the great explorer and Dr. Moffat, followed an illustrious procession of mourners, to see the coffin lowered to its last resting-place, and many an eye was dim as, covered with floral offerings from the Queen and all ranks of her subjects, it passed out of sight, while Dean Stanley read the beautiful burial service of the Church of England.

Brave men are never wanting to carry on the great work of African discovery; no sooner does one fall than another is ready to step to the front to prosecute the task. It was so when Livingstone died, for when Mr. Stanley heard of the lamented death, his heart beat high with the desire of completing the great missionary's

work, and with that object he once more arrived in Africa.

His expedition this time was planned on a large scale, comprising a party of several hundred men to serve as porters, boatmen, and soldiers, besides asses and dogs; several of the latter, however, soon died, unable to resist the heat and influence of the climate. The one which survived the longest was an English bull-terrier, named Jack, which always marched close to his master's side. In November, 1874, the expedition started from Bagamoyo, on the east coast, presenting a very imposing appearance, from its numbers and length. At the head of the procession, and several hundred yards in advance of the main body, marched four chiefs, then came twelve guides clad in red robes of Jobo, carrying coils of wire; these were followed by a long file of 270 men, bearing beads, wire, and cloth, and the sections of an English-made boat, the *Lady Alice*. Then came a number of women and children, belonging to some of the chiefs and boatmen, each bearing loads suitable to their age and strength. These, again, were followed by the asses, Europeans, and gun-bearers, the long procession closing with a rear guard of sixteen chiefs, who took care that no stragglers should linger behind. Stanley's own place in the caravan was wherever his presence was most needed—now at the head, then in the centre, or now at the rear.

The journey thus commenced was likely to be one of considerable toil and danger, and such indeed it proved, even far beyond the calculations of its chief. Many were the hardships endured, many the perils encountered, and many the lives lost before it was



STANLEY ON THE MARCH.

triumphantly accomplished. Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika were visited and explored, the great river Lualaba entered and navigated to its mouth—altogether a journey of more than seven thousand miles.

Let us join our brave traveller at a place called Nyangwé, distant from Lake Tanganyika 338 miles, the extremest westernmost locality inhabited by Arab traders from Zanzibar, and situated on the right of the eastern side of the Lualaba, on a high bank about forty feet above the river. On three sides spreads for miles an open country, but on the fourth is an impenetrable forest, through which Mr.

Stanley and his followers in vain endeavoured to force their way; becoming lost in its recesses, they were compelled to make their way back to Nyangwé. There were, however, discovered in this forest—which they called “The Pagan Forest”—several villages, each consisting of a long straggling



“JACK.”

street, and in most of these streets were two long rows of skulls embedded in the ground, with their tops just above the level. The natives said they were the skulls of monkeys which had been captured in the forest and eaten; but a close examination proved them to be those of men, women, and children, whose bodies had been served up at feasts, and even for ordinary meals. Our travellers had reached a part of Africa inhabited by cannibals. When the men living in these villages lose their wives, they go into mourning by daubing their

faces with a thick coat of chareoal paste, which gives them anything but an inviting appearance.

Unable to penetrate the dense forest, our travellers crossed the river Lualaba, and proceeded on their journey along the left bank, through the Ukusu country. Now indeed commenced the most hazardous and perilous portion of their journey. Several of their number had been lost previous to this, from fever, from the treachery of the natives, and from desertion. Especially had Mr. Stanley grieved at the loss of a brave Englishman, Edward Pooock, who succumbed to the fatal effects of fever and dysentery; but now many more of their number were destined to leave their bodies on the route, with no memorial placed over their remains to tell the passing stranger who rested beneath.

Almost every mile of their way was now opposed by hostile natives; their approach to a village was the signal for the war-drums to sound, and the whole population to turn out armed with bows and arrows, spears, and other warlike weapons, bent upon the entire destruction of the intruders. What made these encounters the more serious was, that the cannibals used poisoned arrows; so that if their victims were not killed outright, death followed soon after a wound was received. Attempts were made to conciliate these terrible barbarians; gifts of beads and cloth were held out for them to receive, but these were rejected; forbearance was equally unavailing—this was looked upon as cowardice. Night and day the travellers were constantly harassed by their active foes. When they pitched their camp on the banks of the river, the enemy would creep silently through the forest and assail them in the rear. More often they would launch their large canoes and boldly attack

them from the river itself; and it was often only the deadly precision with which they discharged their rifles that saved them from destruction. After suffering the loss of many men the natives would retire, but usually only to reorganise their flotilla, when the battle would recommence. Thus would the struggle last for hours, until, wearied with fighting, the enemy retired to seek rest, leaving their victors worn out with fatigue.

The cannibals fought with great bravery, as Mr. Stanley himself confessed. On one occasion he was particularly struck by the courage and coolness of a young chief. He was in a small canoe, with eight or nine companions, whose shields were placed upright against the sides, and from behind these the arrow was shot and the spear hurled, by none with such dexterity and good aim as by the young chief. Wherever the battle raged the fiercest there darted the canoe to take up an advanced position. At length the brave young African received a wound in the right thigh from a rifle ball. The blood was seen to trickle down his leg; but without retreating, he was observed to lay aside his war weapons, tear a piece of cloth from his dress, stoop down, and coolly bind up the injured limb; then, again seizing his arms, renew the fight as if nothing unusual had taken place, until loss of blood compelled him to give up the contest, and turn his canoe towards the shore. So great was Stanley's admiration for this brave young cannibal that he gave orders for no one to molest him during his retreat.

On another occasion the savages adopted a very novel method in order to make the strangers prisoners. Observing the course they were pursuing, they went some distance on ahead, and during the night fixed an immense net, or a series of nets, among the trees, in which to



CASCADE OF KESSOMMA.

entangle the travellers, at the same time boasting they were sure to "net their meat." They then hid in ambush, prepared to shoot down their anticipated victims while trying to free themselves from this obstacle to their progress. Fortunately scouts were out watching the movements of the cannibals; so that being duly informed of what was in store, Stanley was able to avoid the trap, much, we may suppose, to the disappointment of his foes.

Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect. It was certain the natives were bent upon their destruction, and it was equally certain that the travellers wished to avoid such a fate. But the question was, what were they to do? To proceed seemed impossible, and to abandon the expedition appeared very much like cowardice; yet some of the most disheartened counselled the latter course. They were weary with incessant fighting, and revolted from the idea of being served up as a dinner to their foes; besides, what was the use of travelling in a country of which they knew nothing. But their leader suggested that it would be far better to take to their canoes and make their way down the river. Did any one know in what direction it flowed, and in what country it ended? No, no one knew anything of the river farther than that it led into an unknown country, and among people as hostile as those they had already encountered. Many of the men mutinied and positively refused to go farther. At length, however, Mr. Stanley's wishes were yielded to, and the party set out on their long voyage.

Now began a series of aquatic combats, as equally desperate as the battles fought on land; and it was only the superior weapons of the expedition which enabled the explorers to force their way, as, day after day, they

met in conflict. The villages on shore were generally found built close together, so as to make in appearance but one long one, the space dividing one from another being very narrow. When Mr. Stanley and his party approached to the end nearest to them of one of these continuous villages, and they were seen by its inhabitants, a perfect chorus of yells would greet them, yells such as could only proceed from savage throats, and sufficiently appalling to strike terror into even the bravest heart. A tumultuous rush would then be made to the canoes hauled up on the banks, which were quickly launched and thronged with eager and excited cannibals, while others were seen coming with all speed from the farthest end of the village to join in the fight. To place the enemy between two fires, Mr. Stanley would land a number of his men, with orders to seize and hold the last of the villages, which was done by going to the rear of the huts and boldly taking possession—a feat easily accomplished, as the fighting men were with their comrades, and the women and children flying away at the strangers' approach. The place thus gained was held for the night, although the invaders had to be constantly on the alert, as their vigilant foes left them but scant time for repose.

These villages contain ample evidences of the degrading tastes of their owners in the matter of food. Not alone are the long rows of skulls visible, but on the refuse heaps are seen various bones of the human frame, which have been thrown aside as of no further use even for ornament. And as we read of these dreadful things, we cannot but think how true are those words written so many years since—"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

In the midst of all these conflicts their way by water was arrested by a series of great cataracts, as many as five, not far apart from each other, but presenting a serious obstacle to their farther progress. To get beyond these it was found necessary not only to drag their canoes over land, but even to cut a path for them through thirteen miles of dense forest—an arduous labour, as we can well imagine, when it was performed beneath the eyes of an adroit foe, who frequently compelled them to exchange the axe for the rifle. These cataracts Mr. Stanley named after himself, as he had previously christened the river Livingstone. The cataracts passed, a long spell of rest was taken to recruit their exhausted strength. But it was in passing one of these that a serious accident nearly befell several of the party.

To pass one of these rapids it was necessary that a path of three miles should be cut through the forest. Giving directions to his men to paddle the canoes to the landing-place, Mr. Stanley went by himself to blaze the trees, that his men might cut the path in the right direction. Returning from this laborious task, he heard outcries of distress. Hurrying to the river, he was soon acquainted with the reason. In the middle of the stream a canoe containing several men was being swiftly drawn into the rapids; already it was so far sucked into the strength of the current that the paddles were of no further use, and all the men save one leaped into the water to swim to land. The one remaining was a chief, named Zaidi, a brave man, but now apparently unnerved by the danger which threatened him. No help could be rendered; there seemed nothing for it but that he must die, for it was impossible for the frail bark to withstand the seething waters and craggy rocks. In-

tently the spectators on the banks watched the apparently doomed man, as he approached nearer and nearer to the great point of danger; just when they thought the end had come, the canoe struck upon a rocky point and was instantly shivered to pieces; but at the same moment, the chief seized the rocky point, and clung to it with all the strength and tenacity of despair.

It was a perilous position; the angry waters were seen to be constantly dashing over him, so that at times only his head was visible above water. As he faced up stream, to his left were fifty yards of falling water, and to his right as many yards of leaping brown waves. Behind, the water fell six to eight feet, through a gap ten yards wide, between the rocky point to which he clung, and a rocky islet about thirty yards long. The problem was, how to effect his rescue.

The leader, after a few moments' reflection, decided upon a course of action. He sent some of his men into the forest to collect a number of rattans; these were joined together, one long one fastened to the stern of the canoe, and one to the side and prow, while a third and shorter one was secured to the head, to be thrown to the chief. Two volunteers were called for to steer the vessel as near the rocky point as possible. For an instant all drew back; none seemed inclined to venture upon so hazardous an exploit. At length Uledi, coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, stepped forward; then, fired by his example, several of the boat-boys expressed their willingness to embark. One was chosen, and the canoe was pushed out into the stream, the men on the banks holding on to rattans to prevent it being swept over the falls. Coolly and steadily the two men approached the scene of danger, when a cry was raised:



THE RESCUE OF ZAIDI.

one of the rattans had broken. In another moment a second parted, and, just as Zaidi succeeded in catching the one thrown to him, and securing it round his body, the third gave way, and the canoe was whirled to destruction. But the instant it neared the rocky islet, Uledi and his companion sprang upon it, and soon succeeded in drawing the unfortunate chief to them. Thus all three were in comparatively safe quarters, but somewhat exposed, and the problem still remained to be solved: how soon were they to be rescued?

It was too late to make any further attempts that day, for darkness had come on; so they were told to keep up their courage till the morning, when all would be well. As soon as there was sufficient light on the following day, the three castaways were seen safe on the islet. More rattans were gathered from the forest, and made doubly strong; secured as before, a canoe was pushed into the current, and allowed to drift near to the islet. Uledi and the boat-boy plunged into the water and succeeded in reaching it. Clambering in, they were not long in towing the chief to the same ark of refuge; but now he knew he could not be very well swept away, he preferred swimming to the shore, and in due time all three were standing safely on dry land. A great shout of joy and triumph was raised, which even the distant cannibals heard.

Mr. Stanley speaks in high terms of Uledi. He says: "He is a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, lithe and active as a leopard and brave as a lion. He is one of a hundred thousand. I doubt whether there is another in the island of Zanzibar equal to him. There are few in this expedition who have not been indebted to him for life, timely rescue, or

brave service. He was the first in war, and the most modest in peace. He was the best soldier, the best swimmer, the best carrier, the best sailor, the best workman in wood or iron, and the most faithful of the black faithfuls."

The cataracts passed, the river's course altered to the north-west, then west, then south-west, in places from two to ten miles broad, but full of islands, among which the explorers were obliged to paddle, to avoid the bloodthirsty cannibals; often, too, passing days without food, until hunger compelled them to land. The scenery on the route was often magnificent; the banks of the river fringed with enormous trees joined together by a network of creeping plants. Now a cascade, such as that of Kessomma, would meet the sight, and others of a lesser character. Turn which way they would, something beautiful or grand arrested the eye. It was man alone kept them from enjoying its delights; for when followed, surrounded, or attacked by savages thirsting for their lives, we may well believe that they could not tranquilly enjoy the beauty which reigned around them.

Even among the islands they were in frequent danger, and on one occasion had to make a night expedition to capture their enemy's canoes, to prevent being chased and attacked in the morning. It seemed impossible to enter into friendly relations with them; try what efforts they might the travellers found it useless, and were compelled literally to fight their way through miles and miles of desperate foes. Not one moment, day and night, did they feel safe from the flying and deadly arrow; they were obliged to keep constantly on the alert, their weapons by their side,

ready for prompt and instant use. When they pitched their camp it was necessary to erect a strong stockade of stout poles, to guard their temporary quarters, before they could feel in any sense secure. An incessant watch was kept, and those who lay down to rest were never sure but the next minute savage cries would rouse them to immediate action.

Once during this terrible voyage they landed at the village of a friendly tribe, who they found possessed four muskets, gained from the west coast; here they were able to purchase a plentiful supply of provisions. Three days after they came to a powerful tribe, all armed with muskets, who, as soon as they saw them, manned no less than fifty-four large canoes, and attacked them. It was in vain that Mr. Stanley called out to them that they were friends, and offered them presents. It was not until he had lost three of his men that he gave the order to return their fire. For no less than twelve miles had they to fight their way. This was the most obstinately contested of the thirty-two battles fought on that terrible river. Glad indeed must the wearied explorers have been when they at length gained tribes who had had intercourse with white men, and more glad still when they saw the waters of the broad Atlantic spreading out before them, and knew that all danger was now over.

While Stanley was fighting his way down the Lualaba to the Atlantic, Lieutenant (now Commander) Cameron was making his famous journey from the east to the west coast of the great African continent. His intention was to convey assistance to Livingstone, and it was only while on his journey that he heard of his death. After having organised his expedition, he

left Zanzibar for Bagamoyo, the point of departure for caravans bound to Unyanyembé and countries beyond. Here he was joined by John Moffat, a grandson of the great missionary, who unfortunately soon fell a victim to the unhealthiness of the climate, and was buried beneath a palm-tree at the commencement of the Makata plain.



AN ENCAMPMENT AGAINST CANNIBALS.

Cameron's expedition, although starting from the same point as Stanley's, took quite a different route—one that led between that of the American's and the Kingani river, a country open and park-like, varied with woodlands and jungle. But as no villages lay in his path, he was soon obliged to leave it, and make his way across the Usagara Hills, which, he says, in spite of

their rocky character, are wooded to the tops, and chiefly with acacias. Here he saw the mparamasi tree—one of the noblest in the world, having a trunk sometimes fifteen feet in diameter, and ascending as high as 140 feet, with a bark of tender yellowish green, crowned by a spreading head of dark green foliage.

Over these hills Cameron made his way to the Mpwapwa country, which in some portions of his route proved to be quite parched and dusty from scarcity of water; the vegetation, too, from the same cause, scanty and dry. But when the river of the same name was reached, things presented a more cheerful aspect. On both sides grew very large trees; so large indeed did some prove that the travellers pitched all their tents under one so enormous that one half proved an ample shelter. Here provisions were found to be very dear, in consequence of a mountain tribe, called the Wadirigo, lording it over the people, and placing the villages under contribution. This plundering tribe are described as a tall and manly race, satisfied with having a string of beads round the neck or wrist, to serve as a substitute for clothing. They carry very large shields made of hide, a heavy spear for close quarters, and a bundle of slender assegais, which they throw with great force and precision to a distance of more than fifty yards.

From Mpwapwa our traveller passed into Ugogo country, the inhabitants of which—the Wagogo—have the character of being great thieves and extortioners. They have a singular custom of piercing their ears, and enlarging the lobes so enormously that they sometimes fall as low as the shoulders. Ear-rings of brass and wire, pieces of wood, and other articles are worn in them. Their wool is twisted into strings, lengthened

by fibres of the baobab, and at the end of these strings are attached coloured beads or little brass balls.



COMMANDER CAMERON.

So on, through country after country, Cameron travelled, his standard-bearers and other followers giving him much trouble and annoyance. But in spite of

troubles and vexations, he made his way to Unyan-yembé, and from thence, making a long detour southward, to avoid a restless chieftain named Mirambo, he reached Uganda, "*country of farms*," and then, soon after, stood on the heights of Ukaranga, "*the country of the ground-nuts*," and looked on the broad expanse of Lake Tanganyika. After navigating the southern end of this great lake, he journeyed to Nyangwé, and from thence through 1,200 miles of a country never before seen by Europeans.

The great kingdom of Urua was the first country in this new land to claim his attention. It is larger in extent than even Great Britain and Ireland, and has one sole ruler, King Kasongo, who exercises a truly despotic sway. This kingdom is divided into districts governed by a kilolo, or captain, who derives his authority from the king; and the punishments inflicted for various crimes are those of death and mutilation. The people tattoo themselves, and their hair is carefully drawn back and tied behind the head, whence it sticks out like the handle of a saucepan. The males of Urua light their own fires and cook their own food, but will never allow another to see them eating, as they consider the sight unseemly; and should any one be present when they convey food to their mouth, they hold a cloth before the face. The different degrees of rank are carefully observed, and one of inferior social position dare not sit down in the presence of one more exalted without suffering punishment. The religion of the people is of a very degraded character, being a mixture of fetish and idolatry; every village possesses a devil-hut and an idol, before which offerings of meat and grain are placed. Small figures are also

worn round the neck. In addition to these, the kingdom possesses one grand deity named Kungwé-a-Banza, who is considered all-powerful for good or evil. The temple of this god is placed in a clearing of a jungle, and guarded by a number of priests, who, however, are never allowed to see it—a privilege only accorded to the idol's wife, who is always a sister of the reigning king. To test the supposed feelings of awe and fear in which this idol was held by the common people, Cameron on several occasions went softly behind a man and cried suddenly, "Kungwé-a-Banza!" The man invariably gave a spring into the air and darted away with every symptom of dread.

At Kilemba, the chief residence of the king, Cameron was delayed for a long time as a prisoner, being only allowed to make short excursions into the country. Most of his time was spent in gathering information as to the manners and customs of the people, many of which proved to be of a cruel and savage nature. Thus, when the king sleeps at home, his bedroom furniture consists of members of his own harem; some on their hands and knees make him a couch with their backs, while others lying flat on the ground answer the purpose of a soft carpet. When a king dies, his burial is performed in the following manner.

"The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and all the

women are buried alive with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered and their blood poured over the grave, after which the river is allowed to resume its course." Smaller chiefs have only two or three wives buried with them, and but few slaves killed over the grave; while one of the common people is buried alone in a sitting posture, his right forefinger pointing to the sky, and level with the top of his grave.

When the chiefs are summoned to pay homage to their king, the ceremony takes place in the courtyard of the royal settlement, or Mussumba, the entrance being carefully guarded by sentries, and a porter clothed in a leopard skin and armed with a huge club. Kasongo stands with a spear in his hand, while behind him are women carrying his shields, and one an axe. A chief approaches, followed by a slave, holding an axe before his face with the edge presented to the king. When within a given distance, he rushes suddenly forward, as if with the intention of slaying his ruler; then, as suddenly stopping, he falls prone to the ground, burying his face in the dust and throwing some on his head. This same ceremony is repeated by all the chiefs present.

King Kasongo's rule was very despotic; no village was safe while he reigned, and when maddened by smoking and drinking bhang he was capable of committing acts of great cruelty. On one occasion a chief paid him the customary taxes of the village. The King professed great friendship for him, and to do him honour . . . said he would accompany him back. When the village

was reached, a cordon of men were stationed round it, and at night the chief was compelled with his own hands to fire the huts of the sleeping people, and was then killed. The inhabitants, aroused by the fire, rushed from their dwellings to plunge into the jungle for safety, but the troops placed on the outside of the village slew every man, while the women and children were taken away for slaves. Such things can these barbarous kings do.

Mr. Cameron paid this potentate a visit, and he describes his settlement as being 600 yards long and 200 wide, fenced round with sticks five feet high and lined with grass. On entering, he found a large clear space, in the centre of which stood Kasongo's dwelling, while a little further along were three smaller compounds, enclosing huts in which dwelt the king's wives. Kasongo proved to be quite a young man, standing a head taller than most of his subjects. He received his visitor very graciously, and, taking him by the hand, conducted him into his hut, accompanied by several of his wives and his fetish men. The interview was brief and of a formal character, but when the traveller took his leave the king's band accompanied him, playing all the way.

While detained a prisoner, Cameron made an excursion to Lake Mohrya, to the north of the capital—a small sheet of water surrounded by wooded hills, but having within it three curious villages built on piles, a platform being laid on these and the huts raised on the platform. Some of these huts were of an oblong shape, others round, with sloping roofs. The people live entirely in these huts with their domestic animals, very seldom coming to shore, and then merely for the purpose of cultivating patches of ground and to feed their goats. Men were seen swimming from one village to another, although it



MAGICIANS.

was said that large snakes inhabit the water whose bite is fatal.

In an excursion to the south, Cameron discovered Lake Kassali, concerning the origin of which the people told him the following legend:—

“Once upon a time, where Lake Dilolo now is, stood a large and prosperous village. The inhabitants were all rich and well-to-do, possessing large flocks of goats, many fowls and pigs, and plantations of corn and cassava far exceeding anything that is now granted to mortals. They passed their time merrily in eating and drinking, and never thought of the morrow. One day, an old and decrepit man came into this happy village, and asked the inhabitants to take pity on him, as he was tired and hungry, and had a long journey to travel. No one took any notice of his requests, but he was instead pursued with scoffs and jeers, and the children were encouraged to throw dirt and mud at the unfortunate beggar and drive him out of the place.

“Hungry and footsore, he was going on his way, when a man more charitable than his neighbours accosted him and asked him what he wanted. He said all he wanted was a drink of water, a little food, and somewhere to rest his weary head. The man took him into his hut, gave him water to drink, killed a goat, and soon set a plentiful mess of meat and porridge before him, and when he was satisfied gave him his own hut to sleep in.

“In the middle of the night the poor beggar got up, and aroused the charitable man, saying, ‘You have done me a good turn, and now I will do the same for you; but what I tell you none of your neighbours must know.’ The charitable man promised to be as secret as the grave, on which the old man told him that in a few nights he

would hear a great storm of wind and rain, and that when it commenced he must arise and fly with all his belongings. Having uttered this warning, the beggar departed. Two days afterwards the charitable man heard rain and wind such as he had never before heard, and said, 'The words that the old man spoke are true.' He got up in haste, and with his wives, goats, slaves, fowls, and all his property, left the doomed place safely. Next morning, where the village had stood was Lake Dilolo; and to the present day people camping on its banks, or crossing in canoes on still nights, can hear the sound of pounding corn, the songs of women, the crowing of cocks, and the bleating of goats."

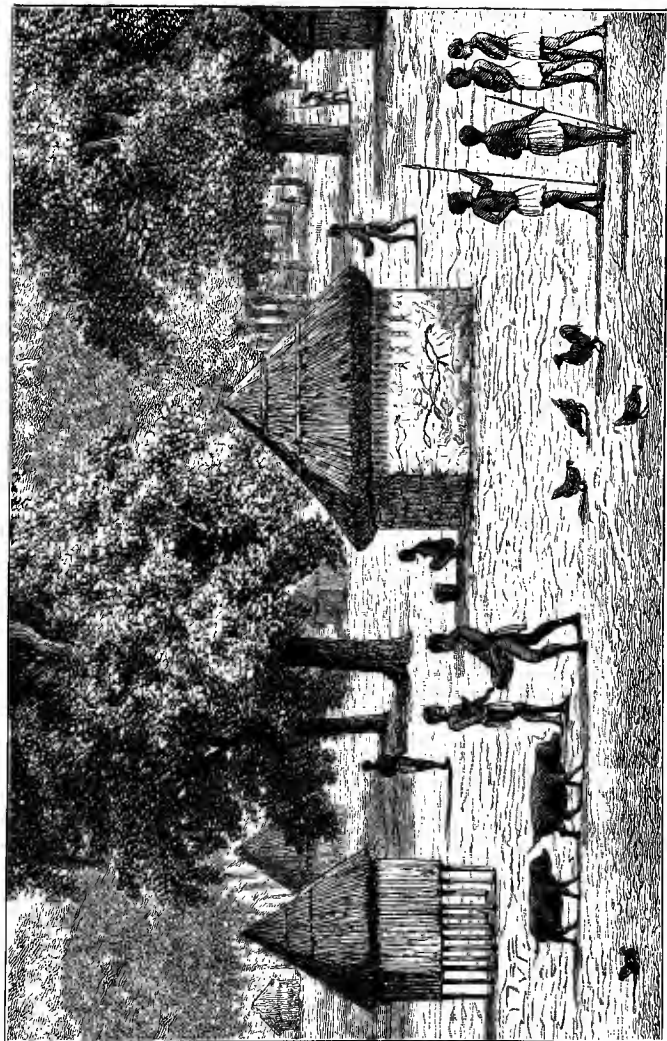
It was here, too, that our traveller heard of the village where the people were on friendly relations with lions, which walked about the streets as dogs do in England, and that on certain festival days, when they were feasted, as many as two hundred at a time would visit the village and each answer to a name. He was also told of a people who lived in underground dwellings which were situated in immense caverns on the banks of the river Lufira, where there were whole villages and their chiefs, and that the people very seldom visited the upper air. Then there was a mysterious island called Ngornanza, somewhere on Lake Tanganyika, where the inhabitants were all afflicted with the leprosy, and not allowed to leave the island or intermarry with any other tribe; and that when the natives of the surrounding country were compelled by business to pass through its villages, they did so hurriedly, with their mouths covered and their eyes averted. And many other marvellous stories did he here learn.

One thing above all others saddened Lieutenant

Cameron while making his great journey from east to west, and that was the many evidences of slavery which everywhere met his sight, and of its fatal influences upon the land and people. Ruined village after village he would pass through, once happy and thriving, whose inhabitants had been carried off as slaves. On one occasion there passed by his camp a procession of these miserable creatures which lasted for two hours; and on another he saw fifty-two women, tied together in lots, covered with weals and bruises, many of them carrying babies. For the dealer to obtain these he reckoned that no less than ten villages had been destroyed. He saw many that were gagged—to prevent them from crying out—by having a piece of wood like a snaffle tied in their mouths. The usual method of securing them is for the neck of each one to be secured in the fork of a stick, with pins through the extremities of the fork, and then a whole string of them to be tied together. These would be guarded by drivers devoid of all human feeling, armed with muskets and long whips, which latter they were not slow in applying to the backs of those who lagged behind, and who would never hesitate to leave a sick one to die of starvation or be devoured by wild beasts, and to throw to the crocodiles any child that encumbered the march; and often along the great slave-routes the traveller found the bleached skeletons of slaves who had died, or been left behind to perish, the cords or irons still upon them. Livingstone, when in company with Bishop Mackenzie, met a long slave-train in which men, women, and children were all manacled together, and upon the flight of the drivers set them free. Then he was told that the day before two women had been shot for attempting to

unfasten their bonds, that one mother had her infant knocked on the head because she was unable to carry it with her load, and that a man who had fallen from fatigue was dispatched with an axe. It is impossible to recapitulate many of the horrors of this detestable traffic—they are too numerous and too horrible; but the many thousands of poor creatures who find their way from the interior to the coast are few compared with those that perish in the raids and during the long and toilsome journey. It is to the honour of our own country and other great nations that governments are doing all that can be done to put an end to the slave trade; while travellers and earnest and zealous missionaries are by voice and example endeavouring to enlighten the minds and humanise the lives of chiefs and people, so that they may come to regard it as a deep and ineffaceable wrong done to their fellow-man.

After a lengthened stay at the capital of the Urna country, King Kasongo was at length pleased to give our traveller permission to depart, of which he was glad to avail himself. Journeying across Ulunda from east to west, he entered the countries of Lovalé and Kibokwé, in the first of which he found the people very savage, and, possessing guns, were much feared by passing caravans, as they made many claims upon them and extorted large tribute; and as the fetish men are all-powerful in this country, the stranger was compelled to keep a sharp look-out and be careful of his actions, for should he chance to rest his gun against a hut in one of their villages, it was instantly seized, and not returned unless a heavy fine was paid; for it was maintained that it was an act of magic, intended to cause the death of the owner of the hut. These people dress their hair



VIEW OF A VILLAGE IN BIHE.

in a very singular fashion, by plaiting it into a kind of pattern, and then plastering it with mud and oil, till the head-dress looks as if carved out of wood.

Bihé was the next country visited by Cameron, the capital of which, Kagnombé, was the largest town he had met with in his whole journey, being more than three miles in circumference. Here he received a most hospitable welcome from a Portuguese merchant, Senhor Gonçalves, who had resided for thirty years in the country. Arriving at the gates of his establishment, he was cordially invited to enter, and soon found himself in a large and well-kept court-yard, containing a store-house and two smaller dwellings, which a palisade divided from the principal house. On one side of this was a magnificent grove of orange-trees covered with fruit. Entering the house, he was surprised to see it was even luxuriantly and tastefully furnished, while his host was both courteous and kind, forming quite a contrast to Jors Baptista Ferreira, another Portuguese resident, who, although a magistrate or resident justice, openly dealt in the slave trade, and even laughingly boasted that during his last visit to King Kasongo, the fingers and hands of several slaves were cut off in honour of his arrival.

The remaining march of Cameron to the sea-coast was through the Portuguese coast-land. As he entered the town of Benguella, a Frenchman was the first to welcome and congratulate him on the successful completion of his great journey, and to drink to his health as the first Englishman that had crossed Africa from east to west.

Among the Portuguese towns on the west coast, Benguella is the second of importance, and was formerly

one of the principal shipping ports of their territory, whence thousands of slaves were sent off to the Brazils and Cuba. It still carries on a considerable trade with the interior in bees'-wax and ivory, while some of the merchants possess fishing-stations along the coast. The town itself is laid out in wide streets, while the houses being whitewashed and the doors and windows painted in bright colours, it presents a very clean appearance. A tastefully-arranged public garden is situated in the centre of the town, where a band performs on Sunday evenings. There are but few public buildings—a custom-house, the Governor's house, a hospital, a court-house, and a church, the latter of which is never opened except for baptisms and burials. There is also a fort garrisoned by thirty soldiers, chiefly convicts, and two companies of blacks. There are many good gardens in the town, in which most European vegetables are grown; and within six feet of the surface water can be obtained, but of rather a brackish character. There are but few horses in the place, and only one carriage. The usual means of conveyance is the maxilla, which is slung from long poles, over which an awning is spread; this is carried by two men, who walk with a peculiar step to avoid jolting.

Here, then, our wearied but enterprising traveller found rest for a time, and received some letters awaiting him at the British Consul's, to whom he reported himself as just arrived "overland from Zanzibar." Then away he went to England, to meet with the warm reception and the rewards his great journey deserved.



CHAPTER IV.

SOUTH AFRICA.



Story of Cape Colony—The Boers—Table Mountain—Cape Town—Moffat and Pringle—Diamond Fields—Griqualand West—Scenes at the Diamond Fields—Kimberley Mine—Mode of Operations—"Claims"—A Diamond Seeker's Outfit—Kaffraria—A Fight with Baboons—Locusts—Kaffirs—Natal—Durban—Zululand—Massacre of Isandula—Fight at Rorke's Drift—Battle of Ekowe—Prince Imperial—Zulus—Crossing the Drakenberg Mountains—The Transvaal War—Affair of Bronker's Spruit—The Transvaal—Boers—Natives—A Transvaal Farm—Lo-

custs—Potchefstroom—Pretoria—Ostrich Farming—The Hunter's Paradise—Gordon Cumming—Man Seized by a Lion—Dangers of Elephant-Hunting—Buffalo Hunting.

NOT the least interesting of African stories is that of Cape Colony. It was so long ago as the year 1486 that King John II. of Portugal, sent out a celebrated mariner, named Bartholomew Diaz, to explore the east coast of Africa; and, though sorely baffled by winds and storms and angry seas, his tiny

bark was the first to pass round the Cape of Good Hope, to which he gave the name of the *Cape of Storms*; but when the king heard of his success he instantly changed it to that which it now bears. No Portuguese settlement was made here at that time, and for years after it simply served as a place of call for vessels on their way to the remoter Indies.

Nearly two hundred years later, the Dutch, famous in that day as daring naval adventurers, effected a settlement at the Cape. A surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, Jan Anthony van Riebeck, strongly and persistently advocated the usefulness of a settlement here; and in 1652, accompanied by about a thousand colonists, he sailed for the Cape, and there established the first European colony. The native inhabitants of the place were called the Quaique, but the Dutch settlers called them Hottentots—a name supposed to be derived from the repetition of a word used in a dancing song.

The infant colony was soon recruited by a number of French and Piedmontese Huguenots, whom cruel persecution had driven from their own native land. A strong castle was erected, which became the official residence of the Governor, from whence all the laws and regulations concerning trade and agriculture were issued; but so vexatious and irritating were many of the restrictions that numbers moved away into the interior, to be beyond their reach. This was the commencement of that system called *trekking*, which continues to the present day. Year after year the active and energetic colonists pushed farther and farther from the parent settlement, until in time they came into collision with the brave and warlike Kaffirs. But before this happened, the arbitrary acts of

the Government had so exasperated the colonists that they broke out into open rebellion, and declared a free republic. The reigning Prince of Orange solicited aid from the British, to bring his refractory subjects to reason. A fleet was equipped, and, sailing for the Cape, soon succeeded in crushing the rebellion. This occurred in 1795. The colony remained under British authority until 1803, when it came again under the dominion of the Dutch; but in 1806 it was finally captured by the British, and in the treaty of Paris in 1815 was definitely ceded to the conquerors, beneath whose rule it has ever since remained.

In the year 1820 a new impulse was given to the prosperity of the colony by the arrival of a large band of British colonists, who were settled by the Government about Algoa Bay in the eastern border districts. These new comers, by their industry and vigour, imparted new life and strength to the country. Homesteads were quickly reared, land tilled, and townships planted in all directions.

From the time the settlers first came into collision with the Kaffirs, up to the year 1863, no less than five fierce wars were waged, each said to be provoked by the daring raids of these warlike and untameable savages upon the homesteads of the colonists; but on each and every occasion the Kaffirs were the losers. They could not withstand the more deadly weapons of the white intruders into their domains. At the close of each war, the vanquished found more of their land appropriated by their conquerors, until in the above year the whole of British Kaffraria was incorporated with the colony.

The time came when the Dutch inhabitants became dissatisfied with British rule. The first thing at which

they took offence was the abolition of the foreign slave trade; until then slaves had been regularly conveyed from other parts of the African coast and sold to the colonists. Then, again, they murmured at the English interfering between them and their Hottentot servants, whom in many instances they treated with gross cruelty; but when, in 1833, slaves were emancipated throughout

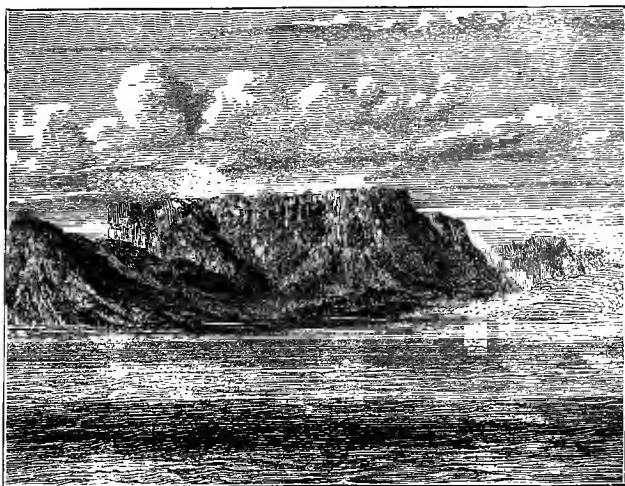


TABLE MOUNTAIN.

all the British dominions, the “Boers” considered their cup of wrath full to overflowing, and thousands of them migrated northwards beyond the Orange river; one body founded the colony of Natal, a second the Transvaal Republic, while a third formed the nucleus of the present Orange River Free State.

Such, in brief compass, is the history of Cape Colony. The atmosphere of the Cape is dry, clear, and

buoyant, so that objects can be discerned from a long distance. As you approach from the sea, the first object which attracts attention is the great massive walls of Table Mountain, which rise to the height of 3,500 feet, flanked on the seaward side by the *Lion's Head* and the *Devil's Peak*. Sometimes a white fleece-like vapour spreads over the top of the Table Mountain, which the colonists call the "Table-cloth," and when the warm rays of the sun disperse it, they say it has been rolled up and put away for future use. On some of the spurs of this great mountain are still seen the ruins of "block-houses," erected by the earlier settlers to protect themselves from the attacks of the natives, whom they had driven from their immediate neighbourhood.

In the earlier part of the present century Cape Town consisted of no more than about a thousand houses, a Dutch castle, Government House, two churches, and a large Government slave-pen; now, however, it is largely increased, the suburbs alone extending to the distance of fourteen miles. The streets of the town are broad and open, handsome modern buildings have been erected, shops, stores, and banks, Houses of Parliament, an art gallery, and a university. The town is lighted by gas, and cabs ply for hire in the streets as in European cities; the drivers, however, are not English; but have yellow Malay and tawny Mestizo faces. Tramcars and railways are in active operation, while along the beach runs a straggling line of buildings devoted to various industries, such as skin-drying, wool-pressing, fish-curing, and boat-building, neither are flour-mills and soap factories wanting.

The principal promenade of the inhabitants is the Botanical Gardens; and on one side, running parallel

with them, is a magnificent avenue of oak-trees. The gardens are kept in the most beautiful order, and serve as a nursery to bring up new plants and trees. Close by the gardens stand the Natural History Museum, and the Library; the latter is spacious and handsome, and rich in literary treasures. Look where you may, Cape Town presents a thriving appearance, and an active and busy population.

Walk through the streets, and you cannot fail to be attracted by the picturesque attire of many of the inhabitants. Women, with faces of all shades of black and brown, have their heads covered with a gay-coloured handkerchief, while another of still more dazzling hue is thrown over their shoulders; a stiffly starched, full flowing cotton gown of a third bright colour completing their attire. Children are everywhere romping about, laughing, and as healthy-looking as need be, with glistening white teeth, and fat sturdy legs, giving every indication that the colony is a healthy one.

It was in the year 1816, that the now well-known and venerable missionary, Robert Moffat, landed at Cape Colony—a young man barely twenty-one—to commence his life-work among the tribes far inland; and what a noble work it was—the taming of the great chief Africaner, and bringing within the compass of civilisation and beneath the influence of Christianity wild and barbarous people! It was here, four years later, that Thomas Pringle, the poet, landed, to found that little settlement named Glen Lynden, about which he gives us so pleasing an account in his “South African Sketches;” and it was amidst the scenery of Cape Colony he composed his stirring lyric, “Afar in the Desert,” in which he sings—

“Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer’s haunt, and the buffalo’s glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemshok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o’ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the pool where the wild ass is drinking his fill.”

A great excitement prevailed in Cape Colony in the year 1867. A report was spread abroad that an African trader had purchased a diamond from a native, and had afterwards disposed of it to the Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for no less a sum than £500. Furthermore, it was rumoured that a colonist had given all the stock on his farm to a Bushman for a diamond which he showed him, and that the fortunate purchaser had obtained £11,000 for the gem. Then came the news that a native woman had dug up a diamond with her “kepo,” a sharp-pointed piece of wood, for which her husband had secured in exchange a waggon, oxen, and a load of goods. These rumours were at first received with suspicion, but their truthfulness being confirmed, there was an immediate rush to Griqualand West, the district where these diamonds were to be found. Most of the frontier towns were speedily deserted, parties started from distant colonial towns, while at Cape Town all sorts of conveyances were placed under contribution, from the heavy and lumbering ox-waggon to the light cart, which is the South African express, for transit to the diamond fields. In a few months, where before a

scattered native population and a few Europeans existed, no less than ten thousand people were hard at work, eagerly hoping that some of the precious gems would fall to their share. The natives were astonished, and some said, "Who can understand you white men? You first clear off the elephants for the sake of the ivory, and the ostriches for their feathers, and when you have swept the country clean as to what is above ground, you then proceed to find treasures in the bowels of the earth!"

Situated in the very heart of Southern Africa lies the territory of Griqualand West, bordering on the great Kalahari desert, and extending over an area of 16,000 square miles. In the centre of this great plateau, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea, is the diamond-field country. It is bare and uninviting enough, except along the banks of the Orange and Vaal rivers, which are well wooded and picturesque. Diamond-fields were discovered on both sides of the Vaal river, at places named Klip Drift, Pniel, and Hebron, and also in the Orange Free State at Dutoits-Pan and at Fauresmith. In the last-mentioned places the dry diggings were very productive, being almost literally sown with diamonds. But it was on the Vaal, in Griqualand, that the most extensive fields were found.

The scenes presented at these diggings were similar to those witnessed years before at the Australian gold-fields. Owing to the scarcity of wood, canvas towns sprang up as if by magic, the mixed inhabitants of which would willingly toil all day in the dusty mines, and then spend the night in dancing, gambling, and drinking. In the best days of diamond hunting, somewhere about 60,000 people gathered round the dry and



THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINE.

river diggings; but when the great rush was over, and it became a more settled industry, the population decreased to 40,000.

The centre of operations is at the New Rush Mine of Kimberley, round which a town has been built, with a fine market-place, churches, clubs, assembly rooms, and hotels. This celebrated mine "has the appearance of a hollow about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. Before it became a digging it had a slight elevation above the surrounding plain. It is now scooped out to a considerable depth, the lowest point reached being about 220 feet."

Natives do a considerable deal of the mining work, labouring with pick and spade, loading buckets, which are hauled up and let down by ropes. These buckets are carried off to sorting grounds, where the stuff is thrown into sieves and carefully sieved, and afterwards examined with the aid of a knife, or piece of tin, on a table in the open air.

In the earlier rush to these valuable fields the mode of procedure was as follows:—Under the sanction of the Provisional Government, a piece of ground was marked off, called a "claim." The owner directly sets to work with pick and shovel to collect the soil into a heap. The loose stones are removed, and the sand separated by a fine sieve. The residue of earth and pebbles are then conveyed to the washing place on the bank of the river. The washing is accomplished by means of a "cradle," or "long Tom," the latter of which "consists each of two sieves, the upper one having holes about half-an-inch in diameter, while the under one is made so as to detain a diamond of about half a carat." After the washing follows the sorting process.

In the earlier times of the excitement many of these claims were sold for almost fabulous prices; in one instance half a claim, 30 feet by 16 feet, already worked down to a depth of 50 feet, fetched as much as £24,000. And not seldom were these mines worth working, and not rare were the finds of lucky fortune-seekers; for we are told that an Irishman, after a few hours' search, came upon a stone which he was able to pawn for £3,000, while another discovered, on an abandoned claim, one of 115 carats. One of the greatest diamonds found in these rich fields was named the "Star of South Africa," and, before cutting, was sold for £11,200.

About this period a colonial paper published a list of the various articles necessary for a diamond-seeker's outfit:—"A Scotch cart; waggon axles; a 'long Tom;' three sheets of iron (heavy); tools of all sorts, not forgetting braces and bits; a pump; four pounds each of one-and-a-quarter and two-inch screws; four pounds each of two and three-inch nails; four or five hoes; ten twelve-inch planks, 20 feet long; English leather, about two or three feet square, for making buckets for pump; six light picks, double-pointed; six three-foot shovels, round steel blades; five pounds of tacks, commonly called clouts; three pounds of cast steel, for repointing picks; crowbar; one bolt of canvas; three or four buckets; three prospecting dishes." Thus furnished, the hopeful seeker after precious gems might expect to be tolerably successful.

To the north-east of Cape Colony, separating it from Natal, is Kaffraria, a country rich in beautiful scenery, both of foliage and mountain, and abounding in all varieties of animal life. The larger animals, such as the lion and the elephant, have now retreated further inland,

to be beyond the reach of the white hunters and settlers. Still, numbers of beasts of prey and deadly serpents infest the thickly-wooded forests, lurking in their green retreats till darkness or hunger drives them forth to



WASHING SAND FOR DIAMONDS.

prey upon the cattle of both the native and the settler. Huge baboons, too, inhabit the tangled recesses of the bush, travelling in troops varying in size and number. Many are the stories told of these ugly misshapen

creatures, their raids upon well-stocked gardens, and of their savageness when molested by man.

On one occasion, the author of an interesting work on Kaffraria was making an excursion into the bush, about sixteen miles from King William's Town. His object was to visit some saw-pits situated deep in the forest. After transacting his business, he started alone upon a ramble deeper into the woods. The loveliness of the scene so charmed him that he was induced to go farther than he at first intended, and, leaving what is called the Kaffir path, he soon became entangled in the bush and underwood. The leaves over his head were so thick as to hide from him the sun, so that he was compelled to have recourse to his pocket-compass; but while adjusting this, he was surprised by receiving a salute of broken sticks and berries. Wondering what such an attack could mean, he peered up into the foliage over his head, but seeing no animals he continued his occupation, when a second volley made him desist, and turn in all haste to seek the lost path. The chattering overhead soon told him that his assailants were a large troop of baboons. Having got clear of the thicket, he thought that now he might retaliate upon his enemies. He therefore commenced throwing stones at those who were within reach; but, to his dismay, instead of taking to flight, he saw, from every tree near him, five or ten of the ugly creatures swinging from branch to branch and dropping upon the ground, with the evident intention of making a personal attack. Unarmed, and totally unable to cope with such monsters, he thought the best thing he could do was to turn and run, or his life would not be worth many minutes' purchase. This he accordingly did, with the whole troop in full cry after him. He never ran so

fast in his life, while at the same time he bitterly regretted his ill-advised attack. At the saw-pits he hoped to gain assistance, but found the men had gone to dinner; there was nothing for it but to increase his speed, and try to outdistance his pursuers. This he finally accomplished, and never again ventured, when unarmed and alone, to attack a troop of baboons.

One of the great scourges of Kaffraria, and also of other parts of Southern Africa, is the periodical visits of immense flights of locusts. The Bushmen eat them, and consider them a great delicacy; but the ruin they effect is something dreadful to think of. In one of these periodical visits, we are told, the sun at mid-day was quite darkened by their flight, and that the whole country for miles was covered by them. When they alighted upon the ground, they lay there ten and twelve inches deep; if disturbed, they rose in such dense clouds as to prevent any one moving forward through them without the face and eyes being endangered. Wherever they alight, all the vegetation disappears—leaves, vegetables, fruit and corn—leaving nothing but desolation behind. Whenever they are seen approaching, the Kaffirs light large fires in all directions, so that the heat and smoke should make them pass on. Horses, dogs, cats, and poultry eat them with avidity, while the Bushmen collect and save them in large quantities; grinding them between two stones into a kind of meal, they mix with them fat and grease, and then bake them in cakes, and upon these they live for months together. The Kaffirs dread the approach of the locusts, but the Bushmen hail their appearance by clapping of hands, leaping, and every manifestation of joy.

The natives of Kaffraria are a brave, bold, and manly

people, altogether unlike the Hottentot. This the Europeans found to their cost when they first came into collision with them, in the year 1702. From that time, till Kaffraria was placed under the rule of the British, the encounters between the rival races have been many and fierce, involving the loss of a great amount of property and innumerable lives. More especially on the eastern border of their country would these intractable foes commit their depredations; their love of cattle, which to them represented wealth, continually induced them to make raids upon their white neighbours' herds, which they would drive off in the night, not unfrequently firing the settler's homestead and slaying its inmates. The frontier colonists were never free from apprehension of a visit from their brave and adroit foes. Between each great war petty warfare was constantly waged, and at the conclusion of each war fresh boundaries were fixed and fresh engagements entered into, only again to be broken. The blessings of civilisation and Christianity are now spreading among these people; the labours of devoted missionaries have been singularly successful among them, in rendering them less fierce and intractable, and more docile and peaceable.

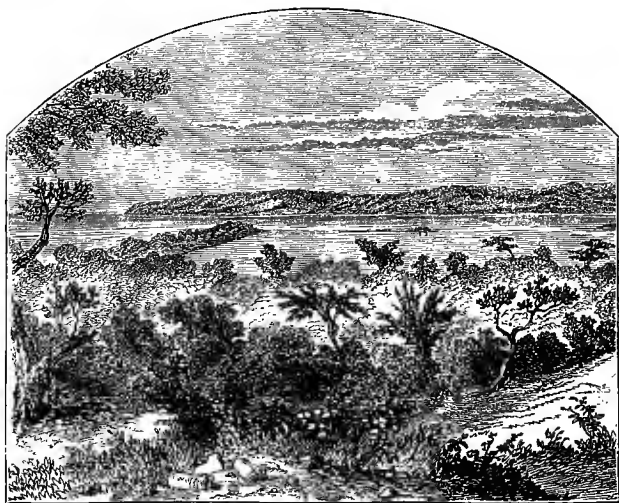
As we have already seen, when the Dutch settlers of Cape Colony became dissatisfied with the English rule, large numbers of them migrated farther south. One company crossed the Drakenberg range of mountains, and founded the colony of Natal. This was the first time that Europeans had attempted to settle there. More than three hundred years before, the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco de Gama, had discovered it one Christmas Day, and gave it the name of Natal, in honour of our blessed Saviour. Nothing, or but little, was known

of it till the nineteenth century, when the country was in possession of Chaka, the Zulu king, a king whose name has been handed down as a tyrant, and who ruled over the various tribes of the country with a strong hand, making himself far more feared than loved. He was succeeded by his brother Dingaan, who drew down upon him the vengeance of the Dutch Boers by treacherously killing a number of their party who had been invited to buy land and settle in the country. The Boers defeated Dingaan, and made his brother Panda chief in his place, and then themselves settled in Natal as masters of the country. In 1843 the country was proclaimed a British colony, and has ever since remained so.

It is a well-wooded and well-watered country, with belts of rolling grass-land which separates the mountain spurs from the yellow sands and bold headlands of the coast. The "Veldt" affords rich pasture for horses, sheep, and cattle; and the various farms produce wheat, oats, maize, arrowroot, sugar, and coffee. The great export of the country is wool, ostrich feathers, and ivory, which are brought down from the Orange Free State.

There are only two towns of any consequence in Natal, the seaport one of Durban and the capital, Pietermaritzburg, the second of which is forty-five miles inland, and is connected with Durban by an omnibus road. "Durban," says Mr. Parker Gillmore, "is a very pretty town, essentially tropical in all its characteristics. To many of its merchants we were indebted for great kindness—in fact, their hospitality is proverbial. If, on arrival, we had called upon any of them, and requested their services, they would have at once stopped the numerous extortions attempted." For even in remote Africa there are those that desire to overreach

their fellow-creatures. The capital, Maritzburg, stands on the banks of the river Umsindusi, and presents from the distance a very picturesque appearance. Close by are the Karkloof Falls, which are formed by the junction of of the above-mentioned river and the Umgeni, the former of which falls twice in succession from a height of eighty feet.

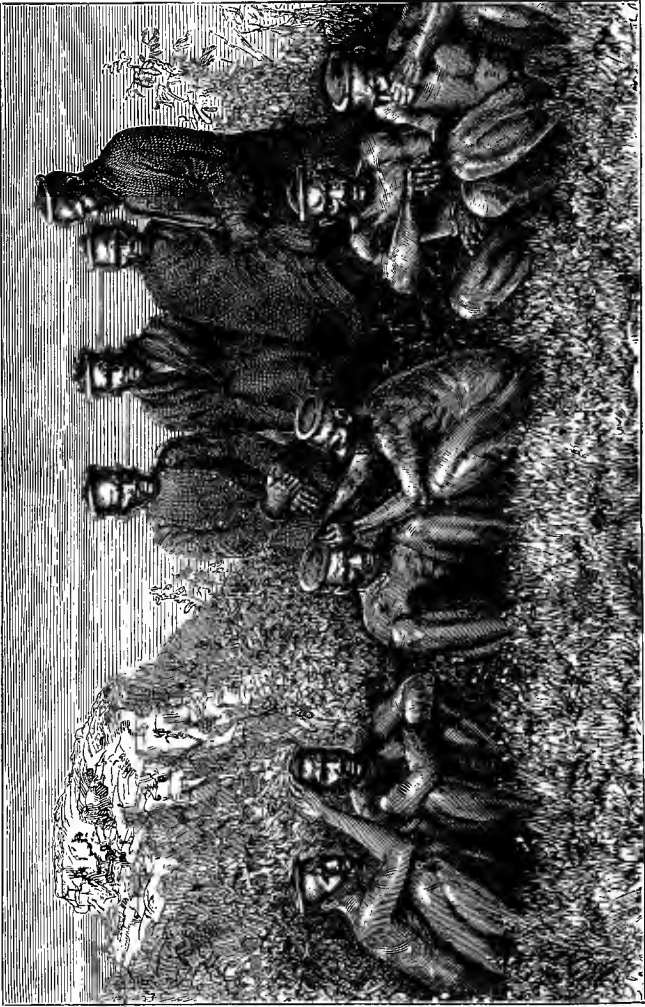


PORT NATAL.

In recent years Zululand has attained to a mournful celebrity in the memory of many English people. Numbers of British soldiers have there lost their lives, falling, indeed, with their faces to the savage foe, and fighting to the last. The tragedy of Isandula is still vivid to the minds of many, where, surprised and overwhelmed by numbers, our gallant men were slaughtered.

A brave and warlike people are the Zulus, a branch of the great Kaffir family. Chaka, a son of one of the chiefs of the Zulu Kaffirs, early gained a name in his tribe for deeds of daring and courage; so much so, that he excited his father's fears, who banished him from his country. In his exile he came into contact with Europeans, and from them learned the prowess of soldiers when properly drilled and disciplined. On his father's death he returned, and became the chief of his tribe, putting to death all who opposed his succession. He turned all his subjects into soldiers, disciplining them at far as possible after the English fashion. With his army, he made himself master of nearly the whole south-eastern slope of Africa, and for years exercised a despotic rule over his large territories. This military discipline the Zulus never lost, though it was somewhat relaxed by Chaka's successors; so that when the English invaded Zululand from the frontiers of The Transvaal and Natal, they did not meet hordes of undisciplined savages, but armies which had to some extent mastered the art of war, and whose method of fighting had been found very effectual in their wars with other African tribes.

It was on the 22nd of January, 1879, that the commander at Isandula saw the enemy hovering near, but seeing every appearance of retreat he headed a force to cut them off. The enemy had only retreated to join the main body in the rear, who then approached in such overwhelming force that the small body of soldiers were compelled to fall back upon their camp. The Zulus assailed the camp itself, approaching in a crescent moon fashion, so that the two horns of the crescent closed upon and surrounded the gallant little army, standing ready to meet death rather than disgrace. Cut off



ZULUS.

from their reserve ammunition, surrounded and literally crushed by numbers, no thought of surrender seems to have been entertained, but a hand-to-hand grapple with death ensued. The Zulus fought with confidence and courage, and the handful of British sold their lives dearly. In the midst of the carnage, when all hope was lost of retrieving the fortunes of the day, Lieutenant Melville made a desperate and heroic attempt to save the regimental colours. Mounting his horse, he charged through the ranks of the foe, and though hotly pursued, plunged into the Buffalo river. In his struggle to cross, the colours sank to the bottom, and on reaching the opposite shore the heroic officer himself was killed.

Elated with their success, the victorious Zulus moved on to Rorke's Drift, but there fortune turned against them. Their approach had been seen, and preparations made to give them a warm reception. Lieutenants Bromhead and Chard, on the news of the Isandula massacre, conveyed to them by a mounted infantry soldier, hastily extemporised a defence of mealy bags and biscuit boxes, behind which the brave men awaited the onslaught. With a loud yell, the enemy made a rush at the little fort, but were kept at bay by rifle and bayonet. So daring were the Zulus that several of them approached close enough to thrust their *assagais* between the openings of the mealy bags. The hospital was taken and burnt, and again and again the savages attempted to storm the frail fortification, but each time were repulsed with severe loss, until, wearied and dispirited, they gave up the contest and retreated. In the annals of South African warfare no more heroic achievement was ever performed than the defence of Rorke's Drift.

The Zulu army suffered a severe defeat at the battle of Ekowe, an engagement which lasted three hours, and in which the Naval Brigade showed conspicuous bravery, materially aiding the fortunes of the day with their rocket-tubes and Gatling guns, in the way with which they cleared the surrounding heights of the foe, and set fire to a kraal on one of the hills, and then, charging at full run into their very midst, drove them helter-skelter away, occupying the abandoned position. Both horns of the Zulu army were broken, and the centre driven back, so that after three hours' fierce fighting it retreated across the hills, having suffered great loss in killed and wounded. At Ulundi they suffered their final defeat, their king becoming a fugitive and finally a captive.

It was in Zululand also that the late Prince Imperial lost his life. Accompanying a reconnoitring expedition, the little party were taken at a disadvantage by their concealed enemies. The Prince, in endeavouring to mount his restive horse, was overtaken and slain. When the spot where he fell was afterwards visited, the ground was found to be all trodden about, while the grass and leaves were damp with blood-stains. A memorial cross has been erected on the spot by the ex-Empress, who paid a visit to the place, that she might there pray for the repose of her son's soul.

One writer describes these Zulus "as a race of the most manly and handsome people known among savages;" in stature being tall and of muscular frame, remarkable for symmetry and beauty as well as great strength. "Their carriage is stately and upright—in many even majestic; and this is particularly observable in their chiefs, whose habitual attitude of ease, and

abrupt yet graceful actions in giving their commands, are truly elegant and imposing. They are haughty and proud in their bearing, and carry their head erect and thrown back." Other writers, however, differ in their estimate of the Zulu, and state that he has too often, but unreasonably, been painted as a hero; that "he is doubtless apt to assume an unabashed swaggering air, so that we might at first suppose we had to do with some dauntless warrior, whereas he is all the time the sorriest knave, who quite understands how to take advantage of his foe." Whichever of these two descriptions is the most correct, there can be no question as to his bravery; ample proof was given of that in the lamentable war of which we have recounted an episode or two.

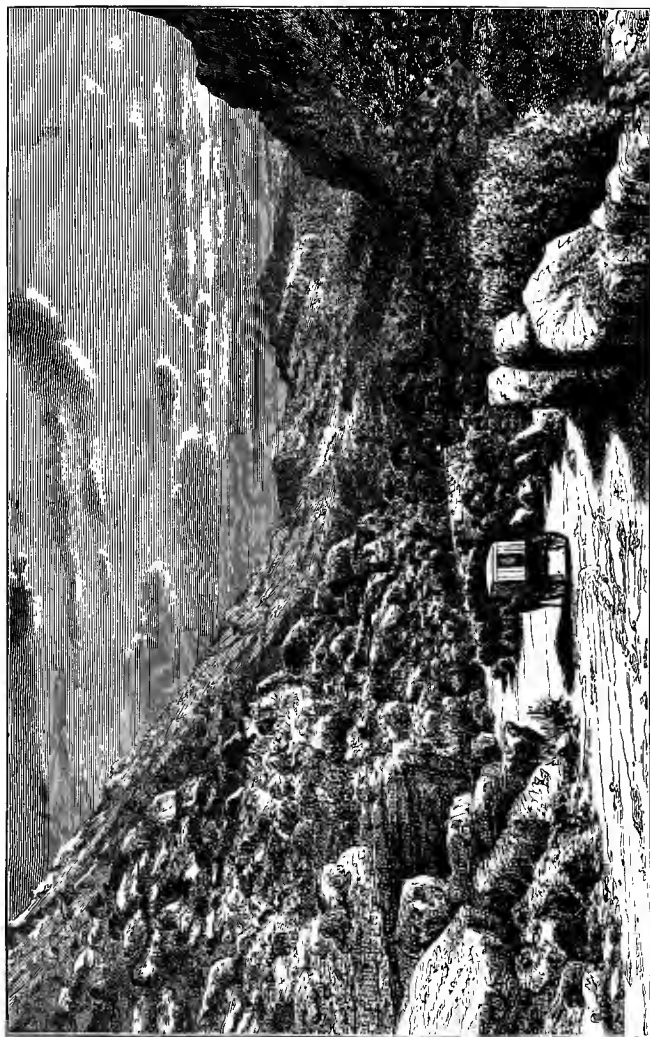
Before entering the Transvaal, the South African traveller or hunter must pass the Drakenberg mountain range, the source of the Orange and the Vaal rivers—a formidable undertaking, as some parts of the mountain attain to a height of more than 10,000 feet; but a waggon road has been made, called Van Renan's Pass, by which it is crossed, the summit of which is 6,500 feet above the level of the sea. The manner in which the ascent is made Mr. Parker Gillmore has well described in his interesting work, "The Great Thirst Land," and we cannot do better than borrow his description:—

"Our waggon," he says, "is to go up first, being supposed to be the heaviest. Hendrick's and Pater's teams are to be put to it—thirty-six oxen in all—and if we get to the summit in ten hours we are to deem ourselves fortunate. All is in readiness; the cattle are yoked, and the treck-trow is stretched out to its greatest

length. The drivers have taken their places—William in front, Pater in the middle, and Hendrick, as the most skilful, behind—whilst Morris and I are instructed to follow close after with a large stone in our hands, which is to be jammed under the hind wheels whenever the waggon stops, or we hear the word *klip* shouted. The sun had long gone down, but we had a grand moon—one that seemed much overgrown, still had lost none of its brilliancy by the process.

“Hendrick passes the signal to the other drivers to know if they are ready; having received a favourable reply, with good bass voice he shouts, ‘*Amba treck!*’ the words being echoed by each of the others, and off moves the waggon in gallant style. For about a hundred yards our course is over the sward, after that comes an abrupt turn entering a steep incline, and the ascent has begun. For a hundred yards or more it was a tremendous pull, but as it was the start the oxen were comparatively fresh, and no stones were required; but in fifty yards more ‘*Klip!*’ was called out, and my friend and I did the klipping, Hendrick at the same time rushing behind to the rear of the waggon to put on the brake.

“Now, this klipping may be a very playful amusement for some people, but Morris and myself very soon came to the conclusion that it bore a very strong resemblance to hard work, with every probability of getting your fingers crushed or yourself run over. Neither was it a joke to carry a rock, about twenty-five pounds in weight, up a hill—mountain, I should say—far more favourable for the progression of goats or Shetland ponies than human beings. Though seeing the matter in this light, yet we dare not remonstrate, for if we did not klip, the waggon as likely as not would go over the



A SCENE IN THE DRAKENBERG MOUNTAINS.

ledge, and halt—in fragments. Grade after grade the hill increased in steepness, and often the oxen were compelled to stop every twenty or thirty yards. The drivers certainly did their work, and did not spare themselves; and the heavy breathing of the cattle showed that their task was no easy one. Although our stoppages were most numerous, still we crawled on—truly step by step—still forward; so if we met nothing more formidable, in time we should reach the top. We were in luck, too, as far as the weather was concerned, for a more lovely night could not have been made to order . . .

“We have come to a terrible grip: the gun-like reports of the whips, crack! crack! crack! incessantly, like the irregular fire of a company skirmishing; and I had just remarked, ‘That’s hot, Morris!’ when that most objectionable—nay, abominated—shout of ‘Klip!’ struck on our ears. I did my best to be quick, and in consequence got a finger pinched. That last pull was a near thing, but the driving and energy of Hendrick saved us, or at least the waggon, from trying to discover the sea-level. That, doubtless, was the worst trial we had; for although it was only in the middle of the incline, halts afterwards became less frequent and less prolonged. At this time it was fearfully cold, and there was no wind; still our progress was so slow that the blood chilled in our veins . . .

“Again we are off; the whips crack, the drivers scold, and shout the names of lagging oxen, while the poor beasts groan and wheeze with their exertions and the effects of the rarefied atmosphere. From the abyss on our left rises an immense riven rock. Here we are informed that a waggon, at no long distant time back,

had gone over ; but we pass the dangerous place in safety, and—hurrah ! hurrah ! we are descending, having passed the summit.”

Such is the toil and danger in crossing the Drakenberg mountains with an ox-waggon.

It was among these mountains, during the late Transvaal War, that the disastrous battles of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill were fought, in the latter of which General Sir George Colley lost his life. In this war the Boers proved themselves to be valiant and brave men, but not always honourable in their conduct, resorting at times to treachery to gain their ends. In the affair at Bronker's Spruit, the 94th regiment were on the march, with the band gaily playing, when several hundred of the Boers were seen advancing towards them. A halt was immediately called, and the music silenced. Three men rode from the midst of the enemy, one of them carrying a flag of truce, which the colonel advanced to meet. After speaking to the bearer of the flag, he turned his horse, and was returning slowly towards his own men, when a shot was fired, followed immediately by volley after volley. Taken at a disadvantage, the English made what defence they could ; but officers and men fell fast, and the order was given to cease firing. The Boers immediately rushed forward, and snatched the rifles from the soldiers' hands, took their belts away, and pulled the boots from off the dead and wounded. It has been said that they even fired into the waggons containing the women and children—killing one of the former—who tried to save themselves by crouching behind some boxes which a sergeant piled up for their protection.

The land in the Transvaal is very fertile ; numerous

streams cross the country in all directions, and springs everywhere abound, so that here there is no scarcity of water, as in other parts of Southern Africa. The Boers are the descendants of those old Dutch colonists who, dissatisfied with the English rule, migrated hither in the first quarter of the present century. Their language is a sort of low Dutch, with a mixture of English, German, and French words. Their houses, as a rule, are not much better than mud huts thatched with straw or grass. The walls are furnished with little apertures instead of windows, which are opened during the day and closed at night. Inside and out the walls are whitewashed, and every few days the hard earth floors are smeared over with moistened cow-dung. They contain but little furniture—generally one or two tables, a bench, and a few chairs. The better class of Boers have far more commodious abodes, while many of the wealthier ones have even tasteful dwellings.

“The Boers,” says one writer, “are chiefly engaged in farming. They lead a wild, nomadic life, more conducive to the development of physical than intellectual powers; they are hardy and strong, most of them men of great stature; they are taciturn almost to sullenness, averse to change, crafty and suspicious, unimaginative, and stubborn to a degree. During a greater part of the year the rural population live in waggons, or in tents pitched in the midst of their herds or flocks—sheep numbered by thousands and cattle by hundreds. They are not rooted down to the soil, or troubled with overmuch baggage, consequently it is not so great a hardship for them to move away from home as it is for farmers in the more settled European countries. The common mode of travelling is by ox-waggon. The

Boer will outspan his oxen twice a year, and take his produce, wool and hides, into the nearest town, and return home laden with coffee, tea, salt, gunpowder, shot, and other commodities to meet the requirements of his household for a season. As a rule, he is accompanied in these expeditions by his worthy 'vrow' (wife) and his whole family of boys and girls. The good wife will barter her eggs, poultry, and butter for woollen stuffs and showy prints, and perhaps a smart embroidered saddle-cloth for the first-born to display when he goes a-courting."

The native population far outstrip the white in numbers. These are mostly from the Bechuana tribes—a strong and well-built race, but lazy and cowardly, confirmed gossips and tatlers, and both men and women exhibiting a great love for finery in dress. The young women often cover their faces, necks, and hands with red clay, leaving margins around the eyes and mouth, which they consider adds materially to their attractions, but which really gives them a weird, frightful appearance. They sometimes mix with this clay the juice of a strongly-scented plant, which has a broad circular leaf, and grows in little knolls, and which they call *satig-ani*.

Most of these natives are servants to the Boers, who, to keep up the supply of labour, make continual forays on the native tribes, carrying numbers away into a kind of servitude little better than slavery. Dr. Livingstone tells us that he "saw and conversed with children in the houses of the Boers who had by their own and their master's account been captured, and in several instances I traced the parents of these unfortunates, though the plan approved by the long-headed among the burghers is to take children so young that they soon forget their

parents and their native language also. It was long before I could give credit to the tales of bloodshed told me by native witnesses, and had I received no other testimony but theirs I should probably have continued sceptical to this day as to the truth of the accounts; but when I found the Boers themselves some bewailing and denouncing, others glorifying in, the horrible scenes in which they had been themselves the actors, I was compelled to admit the truthfulness of the testimony."

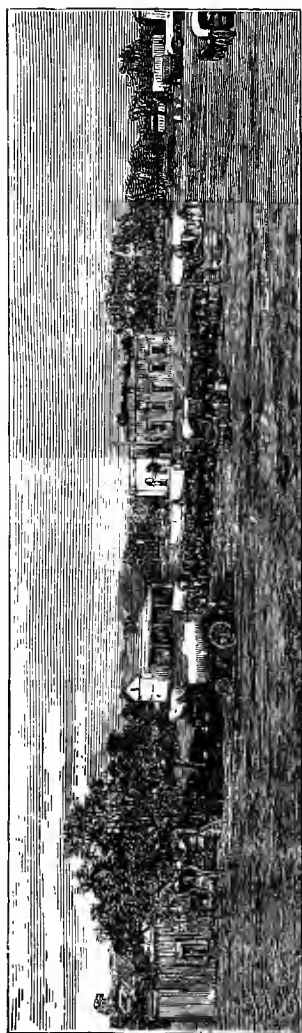
The Transvaal is rich also in mineral wealth, especially in iron, tin, copper, and lead. Coal is found almost everywhere, lying in vast layers almost on the surface. Gold has also been discovered, of a superior quality, and though up to the present time the diggings have been carried on with varied success, there is a general opinion that rich deposits will yet be brought to light.

When the Transvaal was annexed by the British, many Englishmen settled there, and in a letter one of them writes home to his friends in England we gain some idea of the fertility of the land, and with what a lavish abundance the earth yields her fruits for the labour bestowed. He speaks of having hired a farm of 6,000 acres for £40 per annum; how the house which stood upon it was not a very good one, being built of mud and not water-tight; how the orchard is likely to yield about four large waggon-loads of peaches, besides an abundance of apricots, figs, and oranges; and how the maize and tobacco are in splendid condition; and that two crops, sometimes three, can be obtained in one year. Indeed, the writer writes in such glowing terms that one almost believes he has stepped into an earthly paradise.

But here, as in other parts of Southern Africa, the greatest pests are the locusts. The traveller Mohr, seated on the banks of the Vaal, beneath the shade of his waggon, observes on the south-western horizon what looked like great volumes of smoke, but which the natives recognise as the all-devouring locust. They begin to fall, first a few at a time, then by dozens, and presently by thousands and myriads. They come in such vast clouds as to darken the heavens. Far and wide the whole land is filled with them, the waters of the Vaal covered with their bodies. The garden by the farmstead is in a few minutes left bare and leafless. Nothing checks their onward march. If a stream crosses their path, they rush headlong in, gradually filling up its bed with their bodies, until a dry bridge is formed for the myriads pressing on behind. So that however fertile and beautiful a country may be, there is sure to be some drawback to the dwellers therein.

The two chief towns in the Transvaal are Potchefstroom—called also by the Boers Mooi-river-dorp, from the name of the river on which it stands—and Pretoria. After crossing the Vaal—a labour of some difficulty, as waggons have often to be ferried over—a range of stony hills are passed, and then the first little town is seen, almost hidden in green poplar trees, blue gums, and willows, seven miles distant as the crow flies. It contains between 400 and 500 inhabitants, and is laid out with broad streets at right angles, planted with trees, and watered by running streams, and every house provided with vegetable and fruit gardens. Pretoria, the second town, is also the seat of Government, and is situated about ninety miles north of Potchefstroom.

One valuable export from the Transvaal consists of



POTCHESTROOM.

ostrich feathers. Vast quantities are annually sent to England, and to supply the demand thousands and tens of thousands of these birds fall victims to the hunters. Both in the Cape Colony, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State one of the most singular enterprises is that of ostrich farming. The idea appears to have been borrowed from the French, who tried it in Algeria. All over the several colonies are now seen flocks of ostriches. Farmers buy and sell them like they do sheep; "fence their flocks in, stable them, grow crops for them, study their habits, and cut their feathers as a matter of business." At eight months old the birds begin to feather, and their plumes improve in value with each season, the feather being nipped or cut, not plucked, as they come to maturity. In 1874 no less than

£200,000 worth of these feathers were exported from the Cape.

Although ostriches have a somewhat stupid look, they are more on the alert than is supposed. Timid in their wild state, domesticated they are bold and dangerous. They will attack a man without any provocation; raising their foot and striking forward, they will "cut your clothes the whole length of the stroke." The only safe plan for the assailed to pursue is to lie down on his face; the bird cannot kick, but amuses itself by trampling all over you.

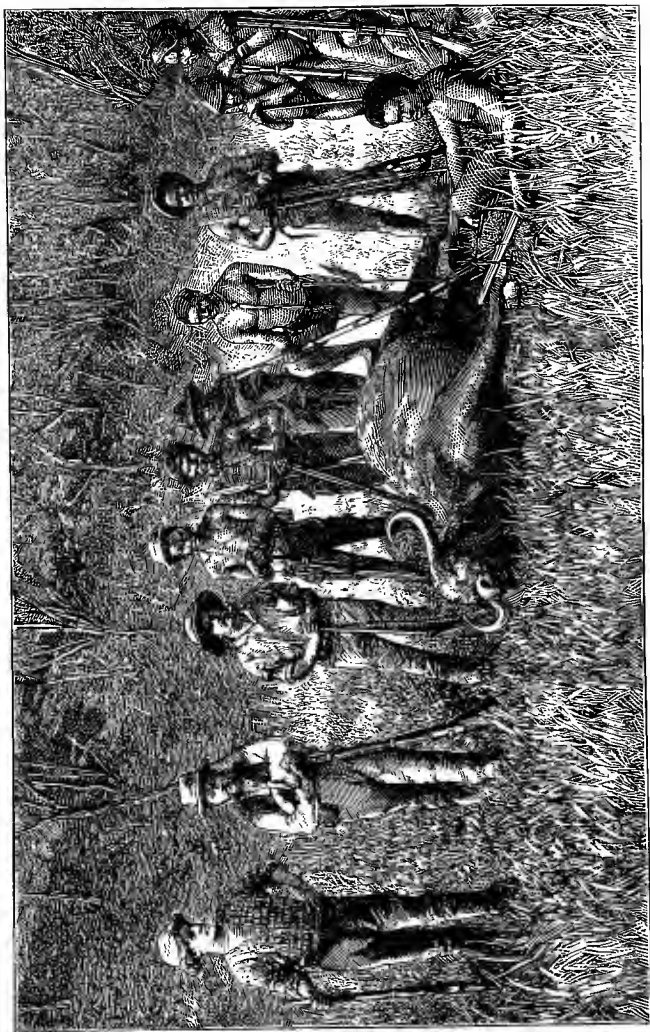
The Transvaal has been called the paradise of the hunter, where game of all sorts and in vast profusion is found—zebras, the springbock, the steinbock, gnus, and others too numerous to mention, beasts of prey as well as inoffensive creatures. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, and giraffe, and such large game, have retreated before the white man farther into the interior. The lion is still met with, fierce and dauntless as ever, although seldom attacking man unless disturbed or driven by hunger. On the extreme frontier of the Transvaal flows the Limpopo river, beyond which was the scene of Gordon Cumming's hunting exploits, of which aged natives still talk with wonder and admiration. The boomslang tree still stands with his name cut deeply in the bark, and that of other African hunters as well. It was while encamped beneath this tree, that his faithful driver, Hendrick, was seized and carried off by a lion. He had arisen in the night to drive in a wandering ox, and lay down again by the fire with his back to the forest. The lion had evidently watched his movements; for no sooner had he resumed his position by the fire than the brute sprang upon him, and grappling him

with his fearful claws, kept biting him on the breast and shoulders, all the while feeling for his neck, which when he succeeded in griping he at once dragged him into the bush. In the morning search was made for the unfortunate driver, but only a leg and fragments of clothes were found.

Hunting large game is not unattended with danger; the ferocious beasts, when wounded, turn upon their assailants with savage fury, and the hunter has need of all his coolness and presence of mind to avoid a fatal termination to his sport. We have a very graphic instance of this in the case of Lieutenant Moodie, when hunting elephants in Southern Africa. He had set out to join a party of sportsmen, when he lost his way in the jungle; but hearing shots at some distance he made for the spot, when, says he, "I was suddenly warned of approaching danger, by loud cries of '*Passop!*'—Look out!—coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and at the same moment heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught, should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect. I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken, for

on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me.

“Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and, turning off at right angles in the opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with a view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe. But before I got within fifty paces of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me, the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously that I was almost stunned with the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her or not. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force that I actually felt the bones, as it were, bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world. But owing to the roundness of her foot, I



BUFFALO HUNTERS.

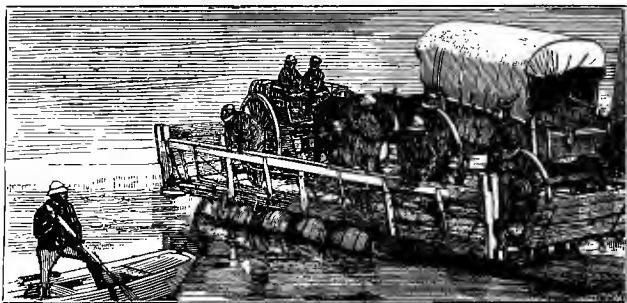
generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.

“While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, and Diederik, a Hottentot, had come up, and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions, or young ones, retiring, and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round, and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

“On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, I met my brother, who had not been at this day’s hunt, but had run out on being told by one of the men that he had seen me killed. He was not a little surprised at meeting me alone, and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While he, Mr. Knight, and I were yet talking of my adventure, an unlucky soldier of the name of M’Clane attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven towards the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where we were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and, bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and, kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then, seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among

the bushes. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the bank as far as we could, and fired at the frenzied creature ; but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man, who was crushed almost to a jelly."

Most of the settlers in the Transvaal are noted hunters and splendid shots. The particular game they chiefly search after is the buffalo, a more dangerous beast than is generally supposed, "for he is as cunning as a fox, as stealthy as a cat, almost as swift as a horse." He never knows when he is beaten ; for riddle him with bullets he will still charge you, and show fight, until some lucky shot touches him in a vital part. When Mr. Parker Gillmore was once on the spoor of the elephant, five buffaloes charged right into the midst of his men. His own horse jumped over a bush and placed him in safety ; but when he turned round to see what mischief had been done, he saw one poor fellow turning a somersault in the air, and another hanging by his hands from the branch of a tree, beneath which an infuriated animal was vainly charging backwards and forwards at him.



FERRYING WAGGONS OVER THE VAAL.



CHAPTER V.

NUBIA AND ABYSSINIA.

The Nubian Desert—Abaddeh Arabs—Caravan Route—Mirage—The Melodious Bell—Khartum—Red Sea and Nile Nubians—Abyssinian Country and People—Religion—Dwellings—King Theodore—Humility and Pride—Friendships—Lake Tzana—An Act of Cruelty—Missionaries in Abyssinia—English Captives—March to Magdala—Last Act of Cruelty—Magdala Won—Son of Theodore.



THE first of the cataracts on the river Nile forms the proper frontier of Egypt and Nubia; above this the Nile valley spreads out into what is called the basin of Philæ, encircled by wide rugged hills. Farther up still is the rocky pass of Kelabsheh, then the boundary of the tropics is passed and Korosko gained, where the Nile makes so great

a bend to the south-west that a caravan route cuts right across the great Nubian desert to Abu Hamed, a small village surrounded by gardens. This desert route consists of a succession of bare gorges covered with sand and walled in by rocks. In some of

the deeper valleys a little moisture is found, but only sufficient to nourish a few dūm palms and mimosas, and give food to gazelles; all the rest is one sterile barren waste, where no water can be obtained unless at wells, which at intervals along the route have been sunk for the benefit of travellers. In this desert little encampments of Abaddeh Arabs are found—a people of very unprepossessing appearance, who carry either a lance or sword, and have a kind of cotton sheet wrapped round their loins, with which at night they cover themselves, making it answer the purpose of a blanket.

This caravan route might be traced, if no other marks were available, by the remains of camels which have fallen and died from the excessive heat and the want of water. The bodies of these animals seldom decay, as the heat and dryness of the atmosphere so acts upon them that their skins become like parchment drawn tightly over the bones. To the traveller they suggest the melancholy idea of the probable fate in store for himself, if his camel should prove a laggard or his supply of water scant. Here also, as in similar deserts, the traveller is bewildered and tantalised by a constant succession of mirages. Weary with his journey and parched with thirst, he looks towards the horizon and sees a lake of clear cool water, on the margin of which are green palm-trees. He hurries on to reach so refreshing a place, but as he advances the lake, with its surrounding attractions, recede, ever recede, until he is fain to confess that his eyes have deceived him, and what he took for something substantial and real is but a delusion caused by the rarefied atmosphere. Sometimes this provoking mirage assumes the outlines of a town, castles, mountains, and

other objects of interest to one travelling beneath the glare of the noonday sun.

There is another danger to which the unwary desert traveller is exposed. Those who have journeyed through such boundless tracts of sand report that at evening, when the tents are pitched, and preparations are made for the night, if one roams away from the camp he may chance to hear the sound of a bell, so melodious that he is irresistibly drawn to the direction from whence it comes, and wanders on and on till he finds he has lost himself. Becoming bewildered in his endeavours to retrace his steps, he strays still further away, until exhausted, he sinks down upon the hard sands, and dies in the midst of an awful silence, with no friendly hand to close his sightless eyes.

Khartum is the principal centre of traffic in Nubia, and the point to which all the caravan routes converge; it is built on the left bank of the Blue Nile. Facing the river are the Government Houses and the residence of the Governor-General of the province. Many of the streets look down from a bluff height, the houses being white-washed, while here and there are extensive gardens of orange and citron trees. Stately palms add their share to the pleasant appearance of the town, and the mosque and minaret rise above the roofs of the houses. A closer acquaintance dispels a little of the charm of the place, for the streets are narrow and badly drained, while pools of water, made in the rainy season, are redolent of deadly miasma. The inhabitants, 40,000 in number, are of various nationalities—Nubians, Jews, Egyptians, Gallas, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, and others; added to which is a regiment of the Shillooks—of jet black hue and warlike character—in the service of the Government.

Here, as we have said, the various caravan routes converge, and ostrich feathers, ivory, and ebony coming from the south are sent on across the desert to Korosko, then down the Nile to Cairo. An active trade is also carried on in gums, cotton, grain, and European goods.

In colour the Nubians are of a reddish-brown, and in some cases nearly black, with thick and frizzled hair. They are generally divided into two sections, those on the Red Sea being called the Eastern, and those inland the Nile Nubians. The former do not bear a good character, and are generally spoken of as being savage and inhospitable, and in manners rude and barbarous. They wander from place to place, their occupation being pastoral, and although they drink the warm blood of animals, are in no sense hunters. In appearance they are a handsome race, being fine in feature and slender of form, with expressive eyes. They arrange their hair in a series of curls which reach below the ears, but so matted with grease that the comb can seldom be used. In a tuft of hair on the top of the head they carry a long slender pin, for the purpose of scratching themselves when any irritation of the head occurs, as at such times the fingers are of no use.

The Nubians of the Nile—who inhabit the valley of the river from Egypt to the borders of Sennar—are a far superior race, being honest, peaceable, and industrious. Many of them hire themselves out to the Egyptians, and are employed in erecting irrigating wheels, in sowing grass and leguminous plants, and in planting date-trees. Their usual dress consists of a white cotton robe, and their arms a spear, a dagger, sometimes a sword, and shield made of hippopotamus or crocodile hide. The



A NUBIAN GENTLEMAN.

young girls of the race are very scantily clothed indeed, wearing nothing more than a little apron of some gay and lively colour. Among the daughters of the more wealthy Nubians this apron is decorated with gold and silver ornaments, which in many instances are heirlooms, having been transmitted from mother to daughter from generation to generation. Ornaments are also worn round the neck, bracelets on the arms, and rings on the ankles.

These Nile Nubians are exceedingly hospitable to strangers, whom they welcome to their abodes, setting before them the best food they can command. Their houses, or rather mud huts—for such indeed they are—are constructed in a pyramidal form. Before each one spreads a court-yard, surrounded by a wall, and in this court-yard grow tall and graceful palms, whose green leaves cast a grateful shade over the huts. The more provident among the people are careful to construct near their houses granaries to contain corn and provisions, to serve them in days when such articles are at famine price. They are generally shallow pits covered over with white plaster.

This same land of Nubia was formerly part of the kingdom of Ethiopia of the ancients, and was known to the children of Israel as the land of "Cush," and acted no unimportant part in early history, especially in the affairs of Egypt; and on the river island of Argo, just above the third cataract of the Nile, are the remains of colossal statues and ruins of ancient Ethiopian and Egyptian buildings. To the south of Nubia are the Abyssinian highlands.

Abyssinia consists of a long range of vast tablelands and fantastic mountains, varying in elevation from

4,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea-level; deep valleys, which rivers intersect in various directions, most of which find their way to the Blue Nile. Only a few mountain torrents, when swollen by rains, roll down to the Red Sea. Nature has done much for this country, in making her soil so rich that fruit-trees such as the plum, the orange, the lemon, and the peach, grow wild in the jungle, while wheat, barley, peas, grain, Indian corn, and many other cereals grow with but little cultivation. Vines flourish luxuriantly, iron is found in great abundance, and cattle thrive well on the sweet, rich grass.

The people, however, inhabiting this fair country are both lazy and lawless; they are constantly at war, and their social life is of a very low standard. They possess a kind of Christianity which seems to exercise but little influence upon their conduct or lives, and consists in obeying the priest and kissing the stones of the churches. They are rigid in fasts, but do not withhold their hands from murder; a man will not allow his wife to grind flour on a saint's day, but will not himself hesitate to kill a near relation.

The prayers read in the churches are in a language the people do not understand, while their own, if they pray at all, are of the same nature as the one which a traveller once heard an old Abyssinian woman utter—"O Lord, give me plenty to eat and drink, good raiment, and a comfortable home, or else kill me outright." They are likewise grossly superstitious, among other things believing that all workers in iron can convert themselves into hyenas, and in that form prey secretly on their enemies; that a Jewish blacksmith can by weaving

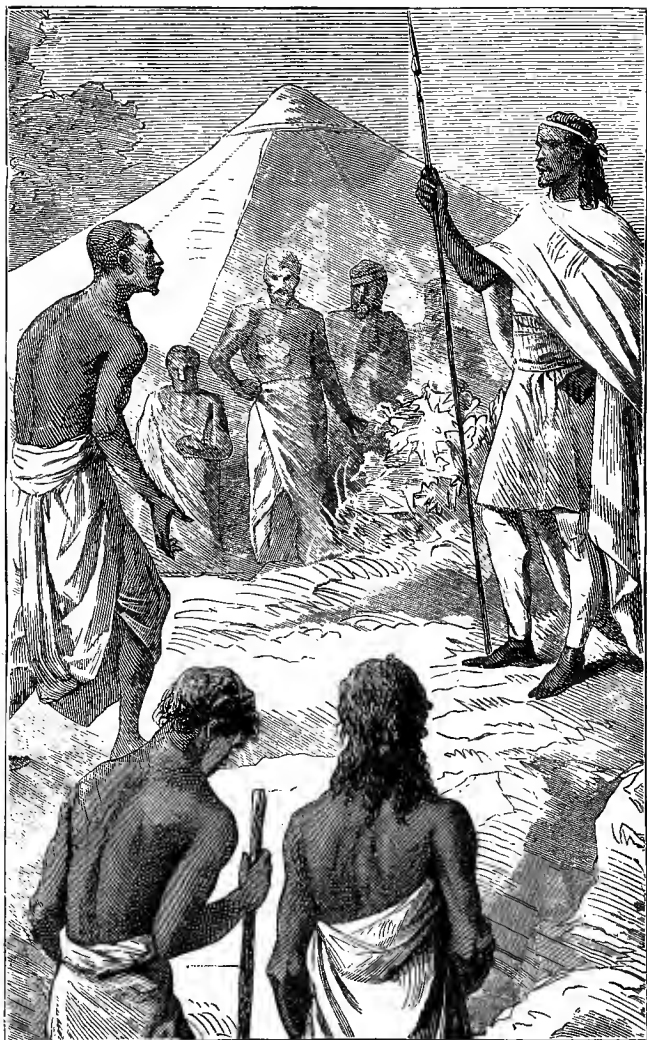
spells change men and women into animals. All classes are fond of eating and drinking, while the rich or great men are remarkable for a wild and profuse hospitality. There appears to be no desire for national improvements, and roads and bridges are sadly wanted. The higher classes live in idleness, leaving their domestic concerns to their wives and slaves. Their dwellings are exceedingly filthy, and nothing better than huts constructed of earth and branches, exposed to wind and weather, one opening serving the double purpose of chimney and a place of entrance. They are a people among whom the traveller will not find himself much at his ease; and the experience of one can be summed up in the words of a German baron, when speaking to an Englishman about the country. "Abyssinia," said he, "is a place to teach patience to a man who has it not, and to take it away from him who has."

Over this country and people King Theodore reigned—till his despotic acts brought upon him the vengeance of Great Britain—and, like other kings before, styled himself king of kings, and traced his descent down from King Solomon. In early life he passed through considerable reverses of fortune, but finally succeeded in subduing the foes of himself and his house, compelling his Arab enemies to submission, and reigning supreme monarch. He seems to have regarded himself as under the special care of Providence, so that conquest would attend his arms in whatever direction he might turn them; and yet at times his pride was so great that he appeared to consider himself equal to God, for on one occasion he is said to have exclaimed, "I have made a bargain with God; He has promised not to descend on earth to strike me, and I have

promised not to ascend up into heaven to fight Him!" Surely it is impossible for vain boasting to go further!

Yet King Theodore was not all bad; there was a good side to his character. He possessed redeeming qualities, and many of his actions are worthy of praise. In the early days of his reign he thought and worked for the good of his people, and showed himself capable of cherishing even strong attachments. Directly he had conquered all his enemies and securely seated himself upon the Abyssinian throne, he commanded all his soldiers to lay aside their weapons of war, and each one return to his lawful occupation. He took the poor of his kingdom under his especial care, and wherever he pitched his tent or camp he announced that he was willing to hear the complaints of the destitute; and when he found any cases deserving of help he proved liberal with his gifts. "If I do not help the poor," he said, "they will complain of me to God; I myself have been a poor man." He passed a law that no Abyssinian, on pain of death, should sell a fellow-countryman as a slave. He sought to open the caravan routes which war had closed, commenced the construction of roads, and with a strong hand put down bands of robbers that infested the country. Thus, like a true monarch, he had the interests of his country at heart.

With a tenderness peculiar to strong and rugged natures like his, Theodore dearly loved his wife, who exercised a gentle but powerful influence over him, and with her two Englishmen, Messrs. Plowden and Bell. He made much of these two gentlemen, always desiring to have them near him, and at their loss his



THEODORE RECEIVING CAPTIVES.

grief was excessive. He was away subduing a revolt, when his own brother-in-law, Garad, thought it a good opportunity to rebel, and raising forces invested Gondar, the capital of all Ethiopia, and pillaged the northern provinces. Mr. Plowden, with a small party, chanced to be in the neighbourhood, when some of the insurgents attacked, defeated, and wounded him. In a few days he was dead. When the king first saw the body of his friend, grief so carried him away that he is said even to have attempted to lay violent hands on himself.

With his remaining friend, Mr. Bell, the grief-stricken king pursued the rebel, and drove him into the province of Woggera. Here Garad secreted himself in a wood, and as Theodore and his forces were passing by, rushed out and hurled a spear at him. The king saw the deadly shaft coming, and stooped down to avoid it; whizzing over him, it entered the heart of one of his officers. Bell drew a pistol and shot the traitor dead, but the next moment a second spear pierced his own brain. Turning with fury upon his murderer, the king with one stroke felled him to the earth. Gazing on the lifeless body of his last friend, he shed bitter tears, crying, "Oh Bell, poor Bell! it was thou who savedst my life, but at the expense of thine own." Then leaping on the body of him who had hurled the fatal weapon, he dashed his spear into the man's head, exclaiming, "Thou, thou wretch, hast deprived me of my best, my only friend!"

Though capable of so much good, Theodore's was still an undisciplined and savage nature, and many acts of tyranny and cruelty have left ineffaceable stains upon his memory. There is in the Abyssinian dominions a

beautiful lake called Tzana, from whence the source streams of the Blue Nile flow. It is forty miles long and thirty broad, and surrounded by wooded valleys running down to it between mountain spurs. Rising from the bosom of this lake are a number of islands. The inhabitants of one near the eastern shore, called Mitraha, revolted against Theodore's rule, and, collecting all their canoes, hauled them up on the beach. Thinking themselves safe, when the royal despot appeared with his forces on the shore of the lake they laughed at him, which made him gnash his teeth with anger. All those of his men who could swim he commanded instantly to plunge into the water and capture as many of the insolent islanders as possible. When the trembling captives were brought into his presence he ordered fires to be kindled, and had them all burned alive, as an example to his subjects never again to excite his wrath. When the rebellion, which cost him the lives of his two friends, was finally crushed, and the rebels surrendered at discretion, he caused one hundred and fifty, out of a total of 1,756, to be butchered in cold blood, and the rest to be so terribly mutilated that they were useless for work or war for the remaining days of their life.

Abyssinia, like other portions of the great African continent, became a field for missionary labour. The first missionaries arrived in the year 1856, under the guise of artisans, but while going about among the people, especially the "Falashas," or native Jews, distributed copies of the New Testament. Four years later the Rev. Mr. Stern, from London, presented himself before Theodore in the royal camp, asking to be permitted to labour as a teacher of the Gospel among his people,

and in urging his case said that "Christianity taught us to love and not to persecute, to instruct and not to oppress the unbelievers."

"*Avoonat! avoonat!*" (true! true!) exclaimed the king, "and if this is your design in Abyssinia you have my approval to your mission, if you likewise obtain the assent of the Abuna."

But the good qualities which King Theodore at one time evidently possessed were now becoming obscured, and he was quickly developing into a cruel and merciless tyrant. He wished to open friendly relations with England, and wrote a letter to our Queen. This letter received no answer, and, considering himself insulted, the anger of the monarch turned upon the Europeans resident in his country, but more especially was it kindled against the English. By his orders Mr. Stern—the missionary he had received so favourably on his first visit—was seized, beaten with sticks, and imprisoned in a dungeon with heavy chains upon his legs. Others were similarly served, as well as Mr. Cameron, the British Consul. News of this outrage was received in England, and steps immediately taken to procure, if possible, the liberation of the captives. Two or three years were passed in fruitless negotiations. Theodore had the prisoners safe, and apparently meant to keep them.

Meantime the lot of the poor captives was deplorable in the extreme, their state of suspense cruel; for they knew not but that at any moment their capricious tyrant might order them to instant execution. Half-starved, loaded heavily with irons, sometimes beaten, they lingered on year after year almost without hope, until at last their hearts were cheered with the news of

the landing of the British troops, under the command of Sir Robert Napier, at Zoola.

The march to Magdala, a distance of 400 miles, is one of the most splendid on record. The difficulties to be overcome were enormous—rocks to clamber up, terrible gullies and stony ravines to avoid ; at times the path so narrow that a single slip would send the unfortunate a thousand feet down a precipice.

At last Magdala was sighted, in which stronghold were King Theodore and his army : a formidable place to storm—a gigantic rock, rising from the centre of a whole ocean of hills, frowning and precipitous, its summit covered with tents. “It looked,” says one writer, “like a three-topped mountain, the cliffs of which were all but perpendicular.” On Good Friday of 1868, the advance was made, to check which a large body of Abyssinians made a sortie from the fortress, but were repulsed and almost annihilated.

On the day before the arrival of the British at the foot of Magdala, King Theodore perpetrated one of those ruthless deeds of cruelty which have so soiled his fame. His European captives were led out, that they might see put to death 340 prisoners, some of whom had been in chains for years. Among them were men, women, and little children. Chained head and feet together they were thrown on the ground, and among them the tyrant went slashing with his sword right and left ; when tired he made his musketeers dispatch the rest and cast their bodies over a precipice, where they were seen by our soldiers lying in a great heap.

As Theodore would not comply with the General’s terms further than to release the prisoners—who arrived at the camp in a very wretched, haggard, and worn con-

dition—the storming was ordered for Easter Monday. As on that morning the troops ascended at different points the rugged rocks, they could see the king with a few horsemen galloping about and brandishing his spear as if in defiance; but up the zig-zag path, nothing daunted, they made their way to the first gate, which was speedily in their possession. To reach the second gate it was necessary to climb a flight of steps thirty feet high and only broad enough for one to climb at a time; but this second gate being blown in by rifle shots, Magdala was soon won. One hundred yards from the gate lay the body of Theodore, pierced by three balls, one of which he had himself fired, rather than suffer the humiliation of being made captive. He had taken off his royal robes, and was dressed in the white costume of an ordinary chief.

There was but little plunder to reward the soldiers for their bravery, and most of the troops who had occupied the stronghold had fled as the victors entered. So as soon as the cannon had been dismounted, spiked, or broken in pieces, so as to render them useless, the place was given to the flames, and for miles round the glare of the conflagration could be seen, conveying to all who saw it the tidings that a tyrant's power was ended and himself overthrown. Thus ends the story of one of the most remarkable African monarchs of modern days, a man who, with many impulses and instincts towards goodness, allowed the evil passions of his nature to gain the ascendancy so as to make him both feared and dreaded, and die unlamented by all.

When our troops had taken possession of Magdala, they found there King Theodore's youngest son. Sir Robert Napier took him away to Bombay, and from

there he was conveyed to England, and placed under the care of a private tutor to be educated. He showed signs of considerable intelligence, with a pleasing and amiable disposition, and gave much promise of developing a character that would command respect, when death cut short his career. A tablet to his memory, by order of our Queen, has been placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



THEODORE'S YOUNGEST SON.

